National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXII. NO. 4. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861. WHOLE NO. 1,096.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, No. 5 Beekman Street, New York,

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

107 *N. Fifth St., above Arch, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

WILL THE NEGROES RISE?

In considering the different causes operating to weaken the military strength of the South, I cannot overlook the possible influence of the occasion of all the present difficulties—the slave. The question, whether the slaves will rise in case of a war, cannot yet, as some suppose, be decided with a monosyllable. The Confederate press, it is true, argue curtly enough that the South has been at war before, and never experienced any of the evils anticipated. In the time of the Revolution, when the English troops ranged the whole area of the slave States, no class was more faithful to the rebel cause and their masters than the slaves. In times of peace, they say, there have been plots of insurrection; but, however secretly planned and wisely matured, these have been invariably detected, and a few score of armed men and one or two executions were sufficient to break the spirit and extinguish the hope of the most daring. The love of a single slave girl for her master's child is sufficient to protect the whole white population. In a word, because the negro's fear of a present master is greater than his confidence in a distant friend, servile insurrections are rarely undertaken; because there is always one negro whose love to his master is greater than his sense of injury, insurrections, when undertaken, are never carried through.

These are the slaveholders' tower of strength. So long as these two principles retain their force, the delicate balance of Southern society quivers in equipoise, and there is safety. It will be seen, therefore, that in a short war, confined strictly to the border, no formidable movement among the slaves need be anticipated. But setting aside the question of war, there have been for many years influences at work which are gradually weakening the two principles of strength I have mentioned, and in consequence of which the South is every year becoming more and more liable to an uprising of her slaves. The great increase of wealth introduced by the cultivation of cotton is gradually bringing about a state of things not unlike that which existed in Hayti before the rebellion of her slaves. Planters, weary of the monotony of a life in the country, where they have nothing to do but to receive the proceeds of the cotton fields, are every year removing their residences to the villages and larger cities, leaving the country inhabited only by slaves and their overseers.

Thus large sections, occupied by several thousand slaves, frequently depend for their security simply on the vigilance of four or five overseers. These men, who are in fact the most efficient class of society, feel fully the responsibility of their position. They visit with the most summary punishment the slightest sign of insubordination. Their watchfulness is never relaxed. Many of them do not remove their clothes for weeks, but sleep dressed and armed ready for the most unexpected emergency. Frequently during the night they visit all the cabins and see that each negro is in his place. Their time belongs absolutely to the planter, and many of them do not leave the plantation once during the year; for to suspend watchfulness for a single day might precipitate half a State in servile war. Left thus by themselves, bound by no ties of affection to the whites, it is only by these extraordinary precautions that the slaves can be held in check. I leave it to any to say what would be the effect of marching a hostile army through such a country.

Some circumstances connected with the plot broken off last winter at Pine Level, a place situated a few miles from Montgomery, Ala., have not, I think, been made public. In the latter part of December it was discovered that there was a plot on foot extending, so far as could be learned, over several Counties, and involving many hundred negroes, having for its object a general uprising of the slaves on the evening before Christmas. Not knowing the extent of the movement, the whole white population was struck with a vague and terrible fear. None knew whom to trust. Planters called together their slaves, and, speaking of the plot, appealed to their feelings, and informed them of the consequences to themselves if found implicated. At the same time the most extraordinary precautionary measures were adopted. In Montgomery, the military companies were ordered out, and for weeks guards were set, and mounted rangers traversed all the outskirts of the city. In the investigations which followed, some facts came to light which, at the time, served only to quicken the general sense of insecurity, and which are still of importance as illustrating the character of these movements.

The instigators of the insurrection were found to be the low down or poor whites of the country. Their only motive was the hope of plunder. The slaves were prepared for every excess. It was found that the daughters of the planters were already apportioned, together with the mules and horses, among the negroes; and so great had grown the confidence of the negroes in the success of their plans, that rights of ownership to this prospective property were bartered among them, and were staked in games of chance. All confidence grounded on the stupidity, or intelligence, or previous fidelity of slaves, was found without foundation. Negroes who, in the early part of the movement, were placed on guard by their masters to protect the family in case of an outbreak, before the examinations closed, were found to be themselves ringleaders among the butcherers. It was at this time of excitement and terror that a whisper went around that one of Wm. L. Yancey's slaves had been detected in an attempt to poison her master. The report was confined to a small circle of the intimate friends of the family, and was for obvious reasons, suppressed as soon as possible.

Though not myself raised to the "bad eminence" implied in a personal friendship with Mr. Yancey, I received the account directly from one who enjoyed that privilege, but who was in every respect reliable. The attempt failed, but it cannot but strike every one as peculiarly appropriate that the Slaveholders' Confederacy should be represented in the Courts of Europe by a man who barely slipped the penalty of the law in a trial for murder, and just escaped poisoning by his own slave. The strength of the negro is his duplicity. Any one who has lived in the South long enough to see his wardrobe gradually disappearing under the open larcenies of these fellows, knows the ineffable look of innocence and stupidity with which they repel a charge substantiated by evidence which a suborned juror could not resist. Their whole life is a training in deception. Always under suspicion, they are constantly punished for crimes which they did not commit, and soon learn that the worst crime is, to commit a fault in such a way that it can be found out. The consequence of this training is, that no one can tell anything of the secret plans of the slave.

I have frequently heard planters confess that the only way in which they could discover that their negroes were spending their nights abroad, was as they fell asleep at their work on the following day. They even admit that half the negroes of a large settlement could hold nightly meetings in the swamps, and no white man would know anything of the matter. The only remedy against this, in sections where the plantations are small, is to keep the negroes so hard at work—to get them up in the morning so early, and work them so late at night—that they will have no disposition to leave their cabins during the night. In the crop season this can easily be done; and the man who then "works the most acres to a hand" has the additional satisfaction of feeling that he has least to fear from the treachery of his slaves.

In the winter, however, work fails, and a momentary vent is given to those fires which, however concealed and shut upon themselves, are always burning—burning with a patient, smoldering flame beneath the surface of Southern society.

At this season of the year most of the insurrections burst forth, and it only illustrates the fact which I have already mentioned as to the growing sense of insecurity in reference to the slave, that it is every year deemed necessary to increase the number and strictness of the precautions which it is customary to adopt at this time. Nor are the Southerners (whatever their organs may say) unconscious of the dangers to which they are exposed from this quarter in the present war with the North. No class of remarks is more common among those whose sex or age detains them at home, than that in this war the weakest are left in the position of greatest danger. As proof of the same anxiety, it is noticeable that the Home Guards are the largest companies of the South. To these belong *all* the white men not already bearing arms in other companies. Even those who are suspected of having scruples about fighting against the North are permitted to purchase the right of residence by attaching themselves to these organizations. In most cases, however, these bodies defeat the very object of their formation, for while they are sufficiently large to show to the slaves the extent of the fears of the whites, they are not large enough to excite the awe necessary to hold them in restraint.

But planters, as a general thing, have not a very high opinion of the reflective power of the negro, and, so far as appearances can be trusted, it must be admitted that the males themselves have not gone through the agitations of the past year with a more stolid indifference to their meaning than the slaves; still, frequently, during the last few months, masters have been surprised and frightened by a chance remark dropped by one of the cotton choppers, which betrayed an understanding of the true issues of the present conflict, that they could only account for on the supposition that an Abolitionist had been "tampering" with him. Under the impenetrable veil of stupidity with which the slave covers his most petty schemes, it is impossible to say how much may be hidden. They stand simply a great race educated only to deception and cruelty, bound by color in an inflexible caste, and knit by every intimacy of social dependence in the very fabric of society.

Should they rise, it is clear that every trait of their long training—the very intimacy into which they have been pressed by the selfishness of a dominant race—would give to their warfare an individual and characteristic feature of horror. It is the old story of a perfect justice working in the movements of human society. It is true, the slaves may not now rise; if the war is *short*, they probably will not; but even this is but a temporary postponement of a danger which a few more years will render inevitable. Mr. Toombs, who is, unfortunately, not always equally reliable in his vaticinations, showed himself a true prophet when, in his speech at Montgomery, he declared that in fifteen years more, without a great increase in slave territory, "either the slaves must be permitted to flee from the whites or the whites must flee from the slaves." In a war carried into the interior, a servile insurrection is inevitable.

—*Tribune.* A RESIDENT IN THE SOUTH.

THE CONTRABAND CHATTELS QUESTION.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 28, 1861.

It is now certain that the escape of slaves, and their claim to the protection of the fortress, is going to be one of the most marked features of the war. There must be now not less than 100 within the walls, who have come in within the last three days, the most of them within the past 24 hours, and the number is hourly increasing. When owners present themselves, and claim the return of their slaves, Gen. Butler gives them a sort of receipt, which places the negroes to a certain extent on the list of articles contraband of war. In no instance do they get the negroes back. Not that there is the slightest disposition to encourage the escape of slaves, or to illegally detain them when demanded. If the claimants are out of the Union, as they declare they are, they are not entitled to the benefit of the operation of the United States laws. Gen. Butler requires claimants to subscribe an oath of allegiance to the United States as a part of the process of procuring the return of their slaves, which closes the door before it is opened. It is the perfect sublimity of impudence for men who are in arms against the government and laws of the Union to claim the benefit of those laws; and yet we see the exhibition of it here almost every day. From present appearances, it will not be many days before the number of fugitives will reach a thousand, and I do not see why the number should not go on increasing indefinitely. To-day, men, women, and children have come in, and in every case they have been furnished with as good accommodations as the circumstances permit. They are all put to work at once. The women and children, if they do not come in too large numbers, will be employed in the hospital. This thing has been reduced to a system. An account is opened in the case of each slave. His name, reputed owner, the date of his entrance into the fortress, the date when rations commenced issuing, the rate thereof, the date of going to work, and rate, and a regular debt and credit account will be kept in every case, so that at any future day owners of fugitives may be settled with. In the case of the women and children, and with many of the men, also, the debt side is likely to be longer than the credit side. Gen. Butler has instituted this plan, and reported the matter and his treatment of it to his superiors at Washington. In a dispatch to Gen. Scott, he says:

"Since I wrote my last dispatch, the question in regard to slave property is becoming one of very serious magnitude. The inhabitants of Virginia are using their negroes in the batteries, and are preparing to send the women and children South. The escapes from them are very numerous, and a squad has come in this morning to my pickets, bringing their women and children. Of course these cannot be dealt with upon the theory on which I designed to treat the services of able-bodied men and women who might come within my lines, and of which I gave you a detailed account in my last dispatch. I am in the utmost doubt what to do with this species of property. Up to this time I have had come within my lines men and women, with their children, in entire families, each family belonging to the same owner. I have, therefore, determined to employ, as I can do very profitably, the ablebodied persons in the party, issuing proper goods for the support of all, and charging against their services the expense of the care and sustenance of the non-laborers, keeping a strict and accurate account, as well of the services as of the expenditures, having the worth of the services and the cost of the expenditure as determined by the Board of Survey hereafter to be detailed. I know of no other manner in which to dispose of this subject and the questions connected therewith. As a matter of property to the insurgents it will be of very great moment—the number that I now have amounting, as I am informed, to what, in good times, would be of the value of sixty thousand dollars. Twelve of these negroes, I am informed, have escaped from the erection of the batteries on Sewall's Point, which this morning fired upon my expedition, as it passed by out of range. As a means of offence, therefore, in the enemy's hands, these negroes, when ablebodied, are of the last importance. Without them the batteries could not have been erected, at least for many weeks. As a military question it would seem to be a measure of necessity to deprive their masters of their services. How can this be done? As a political question and a question of humanity, can I receive the services of a father and a mother, and not take the children? Of the humanitarian aspect there is no doubt; of the political one I have no right to judge. I therefore submit all this to your better judgment. As these questions have a political aspect, I have ventured, and I trust I am not wrong in so doing, to duplicate the parts of my dispatch relating to this subject, and forward them to the Secretary of War."

WASHINGTON, Thursday, May 30, 1861.

Col. Butler returned to Fortress Monroe this afternoon, bearing the following letter of instructions to his brother:

"WASHINGTON, May 30, 1861.

"SIR: Your action in respect to the negroes who came within your lines, from the service of the rebels, is approved. The Department is sensible of the embarrassments which must surround officers conducting military operations in a State by the laws of which slavery is sanctioned. The government cannot recognize the rejection by any State of its Federal obligation, resting upon itself. Among these Federal obligations, however, no one can be more important than that of suppressing and dispersing any combination of the former for the purpose of overthrowing its whole constitutional authority. While, therefore, you will permit no interference, by persons under your command, with the relations of persons held to service under the laws of any State, you will, on the other hand, so long as any State within which your military operations are conducted, remains under the control of such armed combinations, refrain from surrendering to alleged masters any persons who come within your lines. You will employ such persons in the services to which they will be best adapted, keeping an account of the labor by them performed, of the value of it, and the expenses of their maintenance. The question of their final disposition will be reserved for future determination.

"SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War.

"To Major-General BUTLER."

The above instructions to Gen. Butler are as anticipated in my dispatch of yesterday, and will meet with the entire approbation of the country. The account of labor to credit, and debit for subsistence, will not probably exhibit an alarming balance to deplete the treasury of the government, and the future determination as to the disposition of the negroes is something more diplomatic than positive. The first invoice of Virginia property received at Gen. Butler's camp consisted of eight packages. Gen. Ashley was detailed to examine and report.

"What are you going to do with us?" the negroes asked.

Gen. Ashley—We shall not harm you.

Negroes—We know that, but will you send us back? We want to know, because if you don't, our friends will follow. They wait to learn how we are treated.

Gen. Ashley—I have no authority to act, but you may be sure that you won't be returned to your masters for twenty-four hours.

At this, about 200 volunteers, who had gathered about, from various regiments, and all parties present, clapped their hands and cheered, showing the sentiment of the soldiers. Gen. Ashley then examined the eight separately, and seemed to understand their situation, and to feel with one of their number, an old Methodist class-leader, who said that they were like the children of Israel in Egypt, they knew that deliverance was "gwine to come"; but how, was not so clear. But the war was something toward it. They had awaited quietly since September, "when we made up our minds that the North was too strong for the South."

"Who are 'we'?" asked Gen. Ashley.

"Masters and slaves, both," was the reply.

The next day, according to their prophecy, 40 or 50 more came into camp; and these "Volunteer Virginians" continued coming, until Gen. Ashley left. An examination of these confirmed the conclusions respecting the knowledge of the negroes that something was going on which might inure to their good, and they determined to seize the opportunity.

Correspondence of The Herald.

WASHINGTON, May 30, 1861.

Col. Butler had an interview with the President last night relative to the disposition to be made of the slaves that are flocking to the standard of our advancing column. The subject is one upon which the President was not prepared to act hastily. He was not inclined to question the course pursued by Gen. Butler, knowing that he was compelled to dispose of such matters as they arise, until he received instructions to do otherwise from headquarters. The President said he viewed the question as a very grave one. While he could not see that our officers were obliged to leave their legitimate military business to pursue and return fugitive slaves, under a civil law which their disloyal masters did not recognize, at the same time he could not understand that our armies are obliged to receive, feed and clothe them, thereby diminishing the supplies of our armies in the enemy's country. If the negroes run away, they must do it upon their own responsibility. The army is under no obligation to protect them, and will not encourage nor interfere with them in their flight. The President, for the present, prefers to leave the whole matter to the sound judgment of Gen. Butler, whom the President took occasion to compliment in high terms, than to act hastily in issuing instructions on the subject.

Since writing my former dispatch the President has submitted to the Cabinet the question upon which Gen. Butler asks for instructions, relative to the disposition to be made of runaway slaves seeking shelter within his lines. He has been officially notified of the approval of his conduct. He is, therefore, for the present, to put such slaves to labor, keep an exact account of its value, and of the expenses of their subsistence.

It is quite apparent that when our forces shall have advanced farther into the slaveholding country, and large crowds of slaves of all ages and both sexes shall fly to our forces for protection, the question will then assume much larger proportions, and be surrounded by greater difficulties, and those cases must be met as they arise.

WASHINGTON, May, 31, 1861.

The steamer Cataline, Captain Phillips, left Fortress Monroe at half-past twelve o'clock this morning, with a messenger bearing special despatches to General Scott.

Slaves were still flocking to the fort. It was discovered that thirty of the slaves belonged to one man in Richmond. He obtained permission to visit the fort to confer with Gen. Butler on the subject of getting his live property back. He asked the General if he might be allowed to convey them back. The General said they came there of their own accord, and could go back with him if they desired to. They were asked if they desired to return with their master. They quickly decided that they preferred to remain with the soldiers in the fort. The claimant then said if the General would allow him to take his slaves to Richmond, he would manumit them. Gen. Butler said he could not make any such arrangement. He, the claimant, could go to Richmond with or without the slaves, and they could go or stay, as they pleased, and if they went the claimant might do as he pleased about manumitting them. In short, Gen. Butler refused to agree to anything but that "niggers" and master might leave as quick as they pleased. The claimant, finding himself in a bad fix, manumitted the thirty slaves on the spot, left them in the fort free men, and left himself for Richmond.

A gentleman arrived to-day from Fortress Monroe, reports that when he left yesterday, four hundred and fifty slaves had arrived at the fort, and they stated that a general uprising of the slave population was expected.

STOPPING THE MOTIVE POWER.

From The Evening Post.

Gen. Butler is known in Massachusetts as an able and most ingenious lawyer, who always knew where to strike at the weak point of his opponent. This is a quality as valuable in a military commander as in a member of the bar; and he has shown himself as quick to use it in Fortress Monroe as he did once in Lowell. It is related of him that having gained the suit of a poor factory girl against a wealthy corporation for wages due her, and which they refused to pay, there still remained a difficulty to get the bill settled. The corporation put him off from day to day, till at last Butler thought it best to levy on some of the property of these reluctant debtors. But even here there was probability of further delay—till, after due consideration, Mr. Butler placed an attachment on the *water-wheel which supplied the motive power of the factory*. That blow told. The corporators could not stand the loss attending an entire stoppage of their mill. They paid up without further delay.

It seems to us that Gen. Butler has once more placed an attachment on the motive power of his opponents. The slaves of our rebels are their water-wheel, and when it once becomes known throughout Virginia and the other Southern States that slaves used by the rebels are contraband of war, Gen. Butler will have struck a blow at rebellion which it will have difficulty to stand up under.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH PRISONERS AND "CONTRABAND OF WAR?"

From The New York Times.

We have been so unused to war in this country, that it is with the greatest difficulty we can address ourselves to it in earnest. We forget that the more vigorous the more humane the blow. The moment we touch the soil of a seceding State, we should make clean work. Every rebel should be taken prisoner and instantly marched out of the State; the idea of letting him off on a parole of *honor* is a delusion which we should no longer practise upon ourselves. There is no honor in a *rebel*. Where was the honor of Jeff. Davis, Floyd and Thompson, and the whole tribe of conspirators in Congress and the army and navy, who were plotting to overthrow the Constitution they had sworn to support? To treat such persons leniently only adds to their malignity. It is the nature of such men. If we let them off, we shall, on the morrow, be always doing the work of the day before, and the war will never be ended. The moment a rebel is captured, particularly if in arms, he should be instantly packed off to the interior of Massachusetts, or New York, or Ohio, where extensive barracks should be immediately erected for his accommodation. We should clear the soil as we go, leaving no enemy among us, or in our rear, to take advantage of the least reverse. The moment this course is taken, traitors would be very scarce, even upon the soil of Virginia. We should hope to make a pretty good haul, for we could perform no more useful service than to take 20,000 Virginians and give them six months' schooling in the interior of Massachusetts. They would see things there they never dreamed of, and go home, when the time came for their discharge, wiser men, and fitted to introduce in their own State the industries and habits which have made in Massachusetts a garden out of a desert, and for the want of which Virginia, though a garden by nature, is still a desert, as far as art and industry are concerned.

We shall soon need similar provision for General Butler's "contraband of war"—*negroes*. We shall soon have a large number of these on our hands. We cannot return them at present to their owners if we would, unless they are well-known Union men. Their owners may have, in their haste, left them behind. They may belong to parties in arms against us. We are not prepared to say what disposition shall be eventually made of them. This may depend upon future events. Till these occur, the negroes must be provided for at some safe place. This duty is one of the sequences which necessarily grows out of the peculiar contest in which we are engaged. The question of the disposition to be made of the negroes falling into our hands, is the most difficult one that is to arise. Gen. Butler's construction of the law in reference to articles contraband of war was a happy fancy, and is very well when applied to fifty or a hundred persons; but when the number swells, as it is very likely to do, to 10,000, 20,000, or 50,000, such a mass of "contraband" can hardly be put to a valuable use upon fortifications. But they must be safely taken care of, notwithstanding, and the sooner we set about it the better.

CAMP BUTLER, near Hampton, Va., Tuesday, May 28, 1861.

Capt. Kilpatrick, this morning, with twenty men, marched to Hampton and took possession of the place. Of the result of his mission, I will give you a fuller account hereafter. He carried with him the following to be published to the inhabitants:

To the Inhabitants of Hampton and vicinity:

Having been placed, by order of Major-Gen. Butler, in command of the troops in this vicinity, outside of the walls of fort Monroe: hereby notify all, that their rights of person and property will be entirely respected; that their cooperation in maintaining law and order is expected, both by reporting every violation of them when committed by any one attached to the camp and by preserving local order and restraining such of their fellow-citizens as may entertain perverted intentions.

You can rely that all offences against you will be severely punished; that no effort will be spared to detect the guilty, and that you, as a community, will also be held responsible for every act committed by any one of your numbers where the particular offender is not surrendered.

Be assured that we are here in no war against you, your liberty, your property, or even your local customs; but to keep on high that flag of which your own great son was the bearer; to sustain those institutions and those laws made by our ancestors and defended by their common blood.

Remember all these things, and if there be those among you who, maddened by party feeling, misled by wilful falsehoods or a mistaken sense of duty, have thought to obliterate the national existence, let them at least pause till they learn the true value of what they have imperilled, and the nature of that into which they are asked to plunge. We have all confidence that in Virginians in arms against us we have honorable foes, whom we hope yet to make our friends.

COL. A. DURYEA, Acting Brigadier-General.

EMANCIPATION OF SLAVES.

PARIS, Friday, April 29, 1861.

MR. FAULKNER, the American Minister here, has just emancipated his favorite slave Dave, an intelligent and amiable mulatto, whom all persons will recollect who ever visited the Minister's house at Paris. Dave, it appears, is the last slave of the Piper family, the most noted and valuable family of slaves in the Harper's Ferry region, and all of whom have been owned and emancipated by Mr. Faulkner. The history of one of these slaves is to the last degree romantic. When Mr. Faulkner entered upon his estates, at the age of twenty-one, he found himself the owner of a young girl of the Piper family, aged seven years, who was perfectly white, with blue eyes, straight hair, and great personal beauty. Her mother was a mulatto woman of the family, but the father was a white man—a well known politician, in fact, and one of the handsomest men in Virginia. Mr. Faulkner emancipated the mother, and sent the child to Pennsylvania, to be educated in the family of a pious and philanthropic lady of his acquaintance. According to the law of Pennsylvania at that time, a slave was free at the end of six months, and exactly one day after the Piper child had been six months in the State, there walked into Madame X.'s house a well-known wealthy Abolitionist, who said to her: "Madam, I suppose you know that, by the law of the State, this child is now free. I am So-and-so; I am rich and childless; I am going to take this child, with the view of adopting her, and of giving her my fortune." So saying, he led the child away. Mrs. X. wrote at once to Mr. Faulkner, explaining the matter, and uttering all sorts of regret at the unfortunate occurrence. Mr. F. replied, and quieted the good lady's fears, by assuring her that he was perfectly satisfied; that he never could have held such a child in bondage; and that he intended, at any rate, to emancipate her.

Nothing more was heard of this child for several years, when Mrs. Faulkner's family received one day a newspaper announcing her marriage to a rich gentleman in a certain city we will not name, for her origin was not known to her husband, and stating that as the adopted child of the wealthy Mrs. ——, her marriage portion would be immense. The mother of the child, and all those, in fact, who knew her, took a deep interest in her welfare, and no communication other than this paper ever took place between them, for fear of divulging the secret.—*Times.*

ALMOST A FOREGONE CONCLUSION.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Tuesday, May 28, 1861.

THE impression gains ground that there can be no end to the present war, no compromise, no peace, which leaves the cause of it in existence. The irrepressible conflict having taken this sanguinary character, can no more be staid while slavery exists. It has been resolved by the whole people of the North that the Union must be preserved. The government responds to this popular outburst of patriotism, and reechoes it in official instructions to our Foreign Ministers. This is the one great point determined, and it is now becoming evident that it cannot be made final and sure without a complete overthrow of the institution of slavery.

How, then, shall this great revolution in Southern society be effected? It can be accomplished by making war upon it, and nothing seems to be more probable than that abolition will be a necessary result of war. The war will cost hundreds of millions, directly and indirectly, to the government, hundreds of millions to the rebels, and the event will leave the weaker party in a condition little short of ruin.

Is it not better to look these facts in the face in the beginning of the contest, and make an effort at compromise, on the broad and permanent basis of peaceful and gradual emancipation, with compensation? It may be necessary that the South shall receive one or two overwhelming defeats in the battle-field before its people will consent to so radical a measure, but in the meantime it will be well for the people of the North to have it under consideration. If Congress should adopt a resolution in favor of calling a General Convention of the States, looking to the adoption of such a compromise, it could not fail at once to arrest the attention of thousands of Southern men, who would prefer such a settlement to a continuance of destructive war.

If, for instance, it were agreed that slavery should be abolished at the end of ten years, and, in the meantime, be greatly modified and improved in its grosser features, on condition that the owners should receive in United States Stocks an average of one hundred dollars per head for their slaves, the alternative would be seized with joy by a large portion of the Southern people. The cost of this arrangement to the government would be about four hundred millions of dollars, which is less than a war of four years would cost to either party.

Provision for the abolition of slavery at the end of ten years would give no shock, immediate or remote, to the frame-work of society, even in a time of profound peace and prosperity; and in the actual circumstances of the case, with a destructive war raging, which abolition would put an end to, it would be the very best thing the South could do, even without compensation. The sum proposed to be paid to the slaveholders is probably not more than one-fourth of the cash value of the slaves before the rebellion commenced; but it is fully half their value at the present moment, and is more than they would fetch a year hence if the war continues. It is also to be an advance payment for the liberation of the slaves at the end of ten years. With that ready capital, the South would at once enter upon a career of prosperity and progress unparalleled in its previous history, and the North would be more than compensated for its share in the burden by the revival of business.

Is it not better to solve the problem in this peaceful manner than to keep up a destructive war for an indefinite period? Is there not, at least, patriotism and humanity enough in the North to propose such a compromise? The South may reject it at present, but I cannot doubt that the terrible disasters of the present campaign will bring its people to reason. While the sword is wielded with vigor, let the olive-branch be held up by those who conduct the legislative and administrative departments of the government, and all good angels will conspire to bring about a speedy and permanent peace and unity between the North and South.

Slavery is a great evil, and it has borne its natural fruits, pride, arrogance and insubordination. But it should not be forgotten that the slaveholders are of the same race and lineage with the freemen of the North. What the former have done the latter would have done under similar circumstances. What Southern slaveholders are, Northern men, if born and bred slaveholders, would be. They should, therefore, look at the question coolly and calmly, and see in it a natural consequence of a great social wrong, for the origin of which no living man is responsible. Duty imperatively requires of Northern men that they should prevent the spread of the evil, and now that the opportunity offers, that they should put an end to it, in order to preserve the government, and uphold civil liberty. But it is neither just nor expedient to inflict more injury upon the ruling race of the South than the necessity of the case demands. On the contrary, humanity and expediency, the welfare of the whites and blacks, of North and South, demand that the evil be eradicated, and the Union saved, peacefully if possible. OBSERVER.

THE ST. DOMINGO QUESTION.

SPAIN DOES NOT INTEND TO ESTABLISH SLAVERY.

IN the House of Lords, on the 14th ult., Lord Wodehouse, in reply to Lord Brougham, stated that Spain does not intend to reëstablish slavery in St. Domingo. *The Times* has the following report:

Lord Brougham wished to put a question to his noble friend the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs relative to the proposed cession of St. Domingo to the Spanish Crown. He wished to know whether that cession had received the sanction of the British and French governments, and, above all, whether due precautions had been taken to prevent the possibility of the introduction of Spanish slavery—that accursed system which degraded Cuba and elsewhere—into the island of St. Domingo. He thought this would be a favorable opportunity to call for the repayment by Spain of that money which she received from us on the undertaking to abolish her own slave trade; her slave trade not having been abolished, she was bound to return the price paid to her, or instantly to give liberty to her captives. It was most painful to consider that, at this moment, there was very great chance, from many circumstances to which he need not refer, of the slave trade receiving an additional impetus. Sixty years since he had proclaimed his opinion that there was a very great difference between abolishing the slave traffic and giving freedom to the slave. He laid it down then that, although their first sympathy was due to the slave, their next fellow-feeling was due to his master, who was possessed of slaves by crimes not of his own committing, they having descended to him from other hands. He repeated the same doctrine now. There were meetings being held in this country which he entirely deprecated—meetings which ought not to be held—meetings at one of which, six or seven weeks ago, he had himself promised to preside; but when he found, after what had taken place in the United States, that it was called a meeting on American slavery, he said on no account, by no means whatever, would he have anything to do with holding, presiding, or attending a meeting of that description. He strongly recommended all whom his voice might reach to abstain from holding such meetings. At the present moment it could not fail to do *great mischief in our relations to America, if anything like agitation took place on a question whereupon the Americans of the South, and almost all Americans, were peculiarly sensitive and jealous;* it would be the worst possible calamity, and might endanger the peace of the country without serving the slave, but rather postponing indefinitely his liberation (hear, hear).

Lord Wodehouse, who was indistinctly heard, was understood to say that the Spanish government had not yet taken any definitive resolution with regard to the cession of St. Domingo to the Spanish Crown. There was reason, however, to believe that, if the offered cession met with the concurrence generally of the population, the Spanish government would accept the annexation of that part of the island. Whether that would be for the advantage of Spain or not was entirely a matter for the Spanish government to decide; but the House would naturally feel great interest in the question which had been put by his noble and learned friend, *that slavery should not be reintroduced into the ceded territory.* He was glad, therefore, to inform their lordships that the Spanish government had assured her Majesty's government that it was not their intention to allow slavery to be introduced into St. Domingo. He might add that even if slavery were to be introduced into the eastern part of the island of St. Domingo, it would be exceedingly difficult to maintain it as long as the western part was free.

THE MURDERER OF COL. ELLSWORTH.

JAMES W. JACKSON, who assassinated Col. Ellsworth, at Alexandria on Friday night, was a man well known in that vicinity, and his loss will be little mourned by those who knew him best. The family, of which he was a fair representative of the surviving members, was once considered among the first families of Fairfax County. They were wealthy, owning many acres of land and numerous slaves, and the best Virginia society was compelled to recognize and associate with them. But from grandfather down to this misguided assassin, the Jacksons were noted for their cruelty to their slaves. They are represented as having possessed the most fiendlike enmity toward the African race, which found vent not only in barbaric cruelty toward their own servants, but toward the servants of their neighbors, and the free negroes in the County.

Well-authenticated stories are told us of the brutality of the Jackson family, which are not exceeded by the tales of any Legree in the South. So utterly destitute were they of humanity that they were shunned as much as possible by their more merciful slaveholding neighbors, who considered the family afflicted with a monomania which led them to thus persecute the blacks. The male portion of the family did not, by any means, monopolize this cruel disposition; one of the daughters, a Mrs. Stewart, on many occasions, so maltreated her female slaves as to call forth the righteous indignation of her acquaintances, and she was shunned by all. Another daughter, the wife of Senator Thomas, is reported to have caused much trouble in his family. The Jacksons rapidly lost caste in Fairfax County, treading the downward path year by year, until at length James W. Jackson was the only male representative left in the County.

The family estate had been dwindling away for years, till James was left with but a few acres of land, and a half dozen or so of slaves. He was a large, powerful man, quite dissipated, and a bully by nature. His slaves were treated worse than brutes, the lash being applied on all occasions. He has been known, for a most trivial offence, to bury a slave to his hips in the earth, and then apply the lash to the portion above ground until the slave was gashed to the bone and fainted from loss of blood. One colored man, whom he thus buried and whipped on several occasions, suddenly disappeared, and inquiries made by the neighbors induced them to believe that he had been whipped to death by Jackson. No positive proof could ever be obtained, but the belief that the slave was murdered by his master prevails in Fairfax County still.

Jackson was a notorious bully, and was continually engaged in some quarrel with his neighbors or drunken companions. He was once stabbed by a respectable gentleman whom he assaulted, and it was thought he would die. The gentleman who wounded him delivered himself to the officers, and was immediately acquitted. He was known to be a desperate and dangerous man, who usually went armed, and who was considered degraded enough to perpetrate any outrage. For several years he attempted to live without work, and during that time he acted as captain of the negro patrol, and it was his duty to punish slaves who were found away from home without a permit. So heartily did he enter upon this disagreeable work, and so lavish was he in floggings, that the name of "Jim Jackson" struck terror to the hearts of the slaves in his district. He was always ready to volunteer his services where there was negro-whipping to be done. On several occasions he got into serious trouble, as captain of the patrol, in consequence of his whipping slaves owned by merciful men, who resented the unwarranted interference. He eventually opened a hotel at Fairfax Court House, which was the resort of all the rough characters of the County. He kept a plentiful supply of whiskey, and his house soon became a nuisance in the eyes of the better class of the community, and was shunned by them.

Jackson arrested several Northern men at the time of the "Helper" excitement, and succeeded in having them driven from the County. He was a rabid pro-slavery man at all times, threatening the direst vengeance on the "Abolitionists" around him. About six months ago he removed to Alexandria, to the great relief of the citizens residing at Fairfax Court House. He rented the Marshall House, and soon placed it on the same level as his old hotel—a second-class house, the resort of rowdies and loafers, and avoided by respectable people. Wherever he lived his name was abhorred by all who were brought in contact with him. A short time since it was proposed to organize a Vigilance Committee in Fairfax County, and Jackson was anxious to serve upon it. His application, however, was denied by the slaveholders themselves; and he was so offensive to Union men that they declared that if he attempted to visit them they would kill him. He was about 42 or 43 years of age, bold and defiant as a bully, but cowardly and sneaking when brought in contact with men who rated him at his true value. He was several times severely whipped by much smaller men who had the pluck to oppose him. Jackson had often declared that he would fight to the last to protect his house from being occupied by Federal troops, and had amply supplied himself with arms. The nature of his defence clearly reveals the character of the man. Had he survived the arrival of Federal troops in Alexandria, it is believed that he would have resorted to poison to thin their ranks, as he had been heard to declare that such was his intention. While at the South, James W. Jackson may be looked upon as a martyr to rebellion, those who knew him best will rejoice that so bad a man has paid the penalty of his crimes.—*Tribune.*

IN BONDAGE TO THE CONSTITUTION.

[A writer in *The Liberator*, under the signature of "O.," (we presume it to be MR. D. L. CHILD), thus explains how the Constitution of the United States, in the provisions relating to slavery, hampers the government in its efforts to put down the Rebellion.]

A GREAT degree of impatience is expressed by newspapers and their correspondents with the conduct of the government at this juncture, which is ill-judged and to no purpose; the government is moving fast enough, and as fast as it can, *under the Constitution;* but as the Constitution does not provide for its own destruction, it does not provide for this state of things. The Administration is working with one hand tied; or, rather, undoing with one hand what it is doing with the other, all according to the Constitution.

The South is putting its full force into one idea, and, untrammelled by abstractions, is fighting for slavery, and nothing else. On its principle, it may make white slaves of its prisoners of war. The North is fighting against the South, and, of course, against slavery, but is bound to sustain slavery, and not to know the meaning of the fight. It is fighting blindly for freedom, while it is arresting fugitive slaves, and returning them to bondage; driving and repelling from our free soil the blacks who would be efficient and zealous coworkers in the struggle. We are at war with slavery, but cannot say to the slaves, "Take arms, and help yourselves and us to cut your way to freedom." On the contrary, we say, "If you do so, we shall put you down"; in consequence of which, the slaves are marshalled in arms against us. A proclamation of freedom to the slaves, accompanying one hundred thousand stand of arms and a supply of ammunition, would crush the reptile secession now, in its infancy, while it is staggering in learning to walk; but we are teaching it with *baby jumpers* not merely how to stand alone, but how to go firmly and fast; we are fostering its strength, in obedience to fettering constitutional enactments, into vigorous manhood, to enslave or slaughter freemen. "A well regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." (Amendments, Article 2.) Therefore, the theory being that the Union is intact, and secession a humbug, we cannot ask the people of South Carolina the meaning of their hostile batteries, until "Sumter" is surrounded, and the thunder of their cannon announces, *officially*, that the batteries are designed to blow "Sumter" into fragments; and then the fort answers, *officially*—"We are yours."

Baltimore is arming; but Maryland is in the Union, and we are to suppose, *officially*, that the city is arming against the Hindoos of India or the Caffres of Africa. We cannot ask the people of Baltimore—"For whom and against what are you arming?" because "the right of a people to bear arms shall not be infringed." Arlington Heights, opposite Washington, command that city; and the government has been urged to occupy them with a strong force; the reply was that, "under existing circumstances, an invasion of the soil of Virginia would be injudicious." It is constitutional that a fortification on those heights shall shell Washington, before the government can have any right to know that they are in the territory and in the hands of an enemy.

This paper b

pity and condemn their folly. A State may rebel against the government, but this alone would not prompt it to repudiate its debts owing all over the commercial world. Individuals may join in the rebellion without violating their honor as commercial men. Officers may throw up their commissions without playing the peculator and the spy.

We repeat that the cause of this general dereliction lies much deeper than the rebellion. It has its origin in the peculiar organization of Southern society—is the legitimate and inevitable result of Southern institutions, acting upon and forming the principal stratum of Southern character. The people who live upon the unrequited labor of a race, whose theory of civilization is based upon the perpetuation of a gigantic wrong, can have but small appreciation of the principles of right. The men whose prosperity is built upon the unpaid toil of millions, the gains of whose industry, above the simplest elements of a bare existence, constitute the staple of their wealth, can have but a faint perception of the true obligations of commercial honor. The law of the plantation is the caprice of the master, and this law shapes his character and his commercial ideas. A people who buy and sell men can have but imperfect ideas of public morality, commercial integrity, or private faith. It is the outcropping of the demoralizing influences of slavery that we witness in this pervading degradation. The institution is bearing its legitimate fruits, as well in this repudiation of State obligations, this violation of commercial honor, this abuse of official trust, which are now exhibited to an astonished world, as in the treason that would overthrow the Republic itself.—*New York Times.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 5 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

"THE IRREPRESSIBLE NEGRO!"

THE Negro is indeed Irrepressible. The phrase was first used in mockery or in pique; but it had too deep a foundation in the nature of things American to pass away with the momentary emotion that first prompted it. The slave has utterly refused to be winked out of sight, winked we never so doggedly. The moment we opened our eyes for the necessary purposes of vision, there stood the Negro before us, as unexorcisable as Banquo's ghost. This we have found to be the case at all the successive stages of our history, and never more truly so than now. The matter of slavery was to be kept out of view, as the statesmanlike way of dispatching the business we had in hand. The rebellion was to be crushed, the seceding States to be whipped into submission, the good old Constitution with all its works was to reattach again at the end of the fight, and everything was to go on just as it had before it begun. The President took especial pains to put aside the Negro, who would persist in thrusting himself into the very first paragraph of the Inaugural, by assuring him that he would be sent back into slavery, if he tried to get away from it, just as loyally by a Republican as by a Democratic Administration. Every time the President had any dealings with the Rebels, he had to give the irrepressible Negro a hit over the head to try and make him take it out of the way of the negotiations. Every asseveration that the government designed no interference with Southern property, meant him, and him only. But it was all in vain. The more he was ordered to get out of the way, the more he wouldn't, and, finally, he it was that made Jeff. Davis President of the Confederacy, and fired the first gun at Sumter, and caused all the wholesome confusion which it has excited throughout the land.

And when the civil war was recognized as an existing fact by the government, the Negro was desired to keep himself out of sight. The only object of the hostilities, which the overt act of treason committed by the Confederates had made necessary, was, to reestablish the good old state of things, under which the slaveholders would still govern the nation and control the nominations, while the North was to be secured in the privilege of catching and restoring their evading chattels and keeping them in subjection, should they show any uneasiness in their chains. Gen. Butler, with the instinct of a well-trained Democrat, imperfectly modified by military and legal education, was the first to drag the Negro from the dark corner to which he had been relegated and make him the most prominent figure on the scene. Seizing upon the occasion of an absurd rumor of an insurrection of slaves in Maryland, which no man knew better than he to be a moral, political and military impossibility, he offered the services of his Massachusetts men to suppress it. We say no man knew better than he the impossibility of any insurrection, in a State where the whites largely outnumber the blacks, which the neighborhood would not be perfectly competent to manage without the help of United States troops, because he is a man of more than average ability and intelligence. This Gov. Hicks politely told him, though he knew it well enough before. We think it was a great blunder, military and political, but we suppose it was an unavoidable one. The Negro was not to be repressed, and he compelled Gen. Butler to act as his Master of Ceremonies and bring him once more before the world as the actual mover and director of the whole campaign. The General builded much better than he knew or meant to do. What he did and what he proposed to do was entirely unconstitutional and contrary to law; but the controlling influence of the supreme power that directs affairs in this country was too much for his practical sagacity and his legal acumen.

But scarcely was Gen. Butler warm in his new command at Fortress Monroe before the Negro forced himself upon his notice in a new fashion and under a more questionable shape. It was no longer a lying report that he had proposed to set up a revolution on his own account that gave an occasion of superfluous action, he was there in person, thundering at the gates of the Fortress and demanding shelter and protection. Close at his heels followed his master, demanding his instant restoration, and that, with the exquisite consistency characteristic of the Southern chivalry, under the provisions of a Constitution and laws he had repudiated and which he was in arms to overthrow! We can sympathize with the feelings of an old Democrat, like Gen. Butler, in the dilemma offered him by this divided duty. To refuse to deliver up a runaway slave must have been agonizing to one bred up in the nurture and admonition of Frank Pierce and John C. Breckinridge. But his common sense and his Common Law came to his rescue and saved him from making a fool of himself. His first idea of keeping slaves as intrenching tools, and so contraband of war, enlarged itself to the comprehension of the military necessity of damaging the enemy by depriving them of these articles of property, some of which were available for purposes of military labor and all for conversion into what passes in the Confederacy for money. According to the last accounts, several hundred slaves of both sexes and all ages have made the Fortress their City of Refuge, and they are treated with all the hospitality they could expect and better than they ever were before in their lives. We said last week that we would much sooner trust a Democrat in any practical emergency involving a responsibility as to slavery than a Republican, and we thank Gen. Butler for having proved that our confidence was not misplaced. He had no prejudices against himself or his party, as Abolitionists, to contend with, and so could do exactly the sensible thing, without the slightest misgiving as to misconstruction of his motives. The Irrepressible Negro marshalled him the way he ought to go, for once.

The course of Gen. Butler having been approved at Headquarters, it puts a very different face upon affairs Southward. Of course, the same principle must apply to the ships of war and to all the other strong places in the rebel country and on its coast. We Abolitionists know enough of the course of business on the Underground Railway, under the most unfavorable circumstances, to comprehend the speed with which the news of this new way of escape will spread from plantation to plantation and from hut to hut, and the crowds of fugitives that will claim the new and amazing hospitality of their natural enemy, the United States. The question is much more extensive in its relations and its issues than Gen. Butler or Secretary Cameron have yet discerned. It may have a disastrous effect in inducing submission before subjection on the part of Virginia and the other rebellious States. For it is striking at them in their most vital part. But matters have probably gone too far for that, and it is most likely to be used as a means of stimulating and increasing the animosity of the rebels against the government. The policy and the right of the government to strike at the South through her slaves, as an offset to her attack on the North through her commerce, is as perfect as any rights created by war. It is a right which the government must before long begin to consider, and to see in what way it had best be enforced. If the depredations of Jeff. Davis's pirates on Northern ships be carried on to any great extent, and, especially, if they be accompanied by any piratical cruelties, we shall see the classes that make up Northern public opinion taking that matter practically in hand. Those classes have sustained the Slave Power up to April 14th, as a part of political and economical expediency. They are now supporting the government, and urging on the war against the slaveholders, on precisely the same grounds. When they see clearly that the only way in which the Slave Confederacy can be effectually assailed is through the slave system on which it is founded, we do not apprehend any squeamishness as to the ways and means of aiming the deadliest blows at its heart. Events have been growing mightier and mightier ever since they turned their march in the direction they are now taking, and we do not believe that their tread will be less imperial and their sway less despotic, until they have done their work.

The question as to what will be done with these escaping slaves, in case the war should end without emancipation, must be one of the most difficult of the many perplexities which will then call for disentanglement. We trust that the public sentiment of the North will be too well educated by that time to endure the idea of delivering them over to torture, exile or death, as an expiatory sacrifice to the Slave Power. Should the contest end without emancipation, this part of the difficulty will probably be adjusted by the simple intermediation of dollars and cents. But it is yet too soon to perplex ourselves with its discussion. We will rejoice that the necessities of war have reduced Gen. Butler to the extremity of being a harborer and protector of fugitive slaves. We will hope that its growing needs will compel the nation to take John Quincy Adams's counsel and abolish slavery altogether by the armed hand and the edge of the sword. It is the only settlement which can be enduring, and the only way in which sensitive politicians can rid themselves of the eternal intrusion of the Irrepressible.

THE COMING OUT OF DEMONS.

ON Sunday morning last, the Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in this city, preached a sermon on "The Coming Out of the Demons," from Mark ix. 25, 26. Mr. F.'s thought may be stated as the law by which Providence works to bring noxious and dangerous things from the seat of life to the surface, and throws them out in violent eruptions. After illustrating his thought by the action of volcanic explosions, outbreaks of disease and pestilence in communities, vehement bursts of crime and frenzy in society, the preacher came to the question of war, and enforced his doctrine in the extract which we are permitted to print, as follows.

THE truth I am enforcing, however, is better seen on a large scale, in the moral oscillations of communities of men. As we study society, we see evidences of periodical spasms and convulsions of evil. Some fearful spirit seems to enter into the masses of the people, and fling them about at its will—makes them wallow in the mud, drives them into the water, hurls them into the fire, steeps them to the lips in brutality and licentiousness, possesses them with the demons of violence, fraud, bestiality, murder, and compels them, as in a sort of frenzied sport, to revel in horrors. There have been, from time to time, these frightful periods in history, when humanity appeared to be well nigh extinguished in men and women, and the end of all things seemed to be at hand; for it looked as if God himself could do nothing with such a world but crush it up like a dead leaf. But such periods passed by, and the earth, instead of being left a cursed desert, smiled more green and fair than ever; men were stronger, braver, happier; their being seemed to be open to brighter influences; the arts of civilized life flourished; land was better tilled, law was better obeyed, bonds of union were strengthened. How shall we explain this? By saying that rapine and violence and lust and the rupture of social bonds are good things?—that wickedness meant welfare, that crime was the parent of civilization, and ravage the mother of religion?—that mankind had no friend so useful as the devil? No, indeed; a thousand and a thousand times, *No.* But these wild frenzied ages or years of guilt were simply ages or years of eruption, lurid and volcanic, in which the Christ in man was busily effecting a grand exorcism of demons—in which the evil spirits, routed from their comfortable lodgings in human souls, flew out after their own turbulent fashion, playing the devil in a very literal manner as they came out, and leaving the poor mortals they had afflicted rather jaded and weak by the terrible fever they had passed through, but, on the whole, in more hopeful condition than formerly.

A great historical student, lecturing on the times the other day, and speaking of war, ventured the somewhat startling and shocking statement, that war stood foremost among the beneficent agencies by which the moral development of the race had been advanced; war had conferred more blessings on man, a thousand times, than peace; regeneration had followed the sword. It sounds very much as if one should say that he owed his health to his gout or his erysipelas, and not to the vital forces which compelled the corrupted humors of his blood to leave him through these very disgusting but very serviceable vents. A period of war is succeeded, not, as we might expect, by universal demoralization, but by general hopefulness and vigor—not by prostration of all mental and spiritual force, but by new, quick, and buoyant activity in the mental and spiritual faculties. Mankind are not left depraved, corrupted, and lawless, however they may be left weakened. And why? Because war is a good thing? Because fury and bloodshed and devastation are good things? Because it is a good thing to waste fields, and desolate homes, and blow millions of property away in foul smoke from the mouth of cannon? Nay; but because war relieves the overcharged heart of a diseased and distempered people; because war opens the dreadful gates, and lets the infesting fiends of rage and violence rush out, rending and tearing their terrible way as they go. The hell of human passion is all let loose, and pandemonium rules for a time on the earth. War is a terrible thing, an awful thing; a thing in itself accursed, as we all must feel; a thing which no Christian can think of without groans and sighs. But it is no more awful than the elements that compose it; it is no more awful than the passions it reveals; its hell is no more awful than the demons who make it. And if war, scattering these passions, blows them off in the air with ever so much smoke and thunder and whistling of hot shot, carries these off as in a whirlwind from the pit, then war may be said to serve a purpose. But the good that follows it comes not from it; it comes from the spiritual forces that can now breathe freely in a purified atmosphere, and play without constraint in an unobstructed medium.

In Boston, this very last week, in an assembly of clergymen, I heard many feeling laments over the war in which we are now engaged. It indicated such a return to barbarism, was the complaint; it showed such recreancy to Christian principles; it would be productive of so much immorality and license; it would so unsettle the foundations of law, and pull up the roots of civilization, and set back the cause of progress and enlightenment and peace; it would engender the martial spirit of violence to such an extent that, wholly aside from the misery it would entail, no good man could think of it without shame and sorrow. But is there anything in the war that was not first in the elements producing the war? Grant that it is the sport of devils, as no doubt it is; did it create the devils? What ingredient of the pit can you find in it, what quality of fire and brimstone, what substances of barbarism, violence, rage, vindictiveness, cruelty, treachery, thirst of blood, that you cannot find in the state of things that preceded it and furnished the material that composed it? War shows us the demons *coming out* of the nation; but no demons are likely to come out that were not first in. The simple truth is, that the nation has been infested and possessed by demons for many a long year, and once and again have they flung it into the fire and into the water, as if to destroy it. Physicians tell us that a minute portion of the small-pox virus, introduced into the system, will in a severe case cause, during the first stage, rigors, heat of skin, quickened pulse, furred tongue, loss of appetite, thirst, epigastric uneasiness, vomiting, headache, pains in the back and limbs, muscular weakness, convulsions, delirium; in the second stage, cutaneous eruption, itching, tingling sore throat, swelled fauces, hoarseness, cough, salivation, difficulty of breathing; in the third stage, inflamed swellings, pneumonia, pleurisy, inflammation of the brain, ophthalmia, erysipelas. In our social system one such drop was instilled, only the virus was moral—it was a drop of sin. As, in Dr. Holmes's story, the mother of poor Elsie Venner passed into her doomed daughter the deadly nature of the infesting rattlesnake, so did the grand old sinning and repenting mother of America pass into the veins of her daughter the venom of slavery! And there it has been lurking and poisoning the springs of the noble nation's life. Amazingly fast the taint of that virus has been spreading, as everybody save the sufferer himself could see. The symptoms developed themselves in order; not one failed to appear at the moment it was due. Indolence, improvidence, dislike of work, hatred of work, contempt of working men and women, luxuriousness, irritability, pride, arrogance, assumption of lazy dignity, marked the first stage of the infection. With the second stage came wandering, listlessness, and confusion of brain, indifference to knowledge, incapacity for severe intellectual labor, mental unsoundness amounting to insanity, so that the patient was unable to form correct judgments in matters of history and opinion, and was continually running into the most extravagant theories and the most perverse reasoning on subjects plain as noonday to all the rest of the world, disputing the most incontrovertible axioms of truth, and driving mad premises to madder conclusions, till there was no arguing or talking with him; symptoms of *moral* insanity, too, as of a being given over to a reprobate mind, blind to plainest distinctions of right and wrong, good and evil; impelled, as by a stubborn necessity of the blood, to make the worse appear the better reason—to call crooked straight and straight crooked, bitter sweet and sweet bitter—to read the Sermon on the Mount backwards, and construe the Golden Rule by the law of contradictions; to do very bad things, and then invoke God's blessing on them as if they were very good things; to practise barbarity, and call it mercy; to establish despotism and call it freedom; to set up Mormonism and call it Christianity; to plunge human beings into a night of utter ignorance and superstition, and call it securing to them the blessings of the gospel; to steal in the name of honesty, violate oaths in the name of honor, break contracts in the name of right, and repudiate debts in the name of patriotism; in a word, to turn all God's works and words inside out, and to howl at the approach of the Son of Man as one come to torment them before the time. In the third stage, the poor sufferer breaks out into violent convulsions, insists upon it that all men in the world are crazy but himself, puts a tinsel crown on his head and hangs a faded robe on his shoulders, and demands to be recognized as king; flies even into open and outrageous war, because he cannot have the whole empire to himself. Again and again the infesting demon has flung the afflicted nation into fire and water. First came the Florida war, marked with singular fierceness and atrocity—a hideous eruption and tumor, through which a portion of the raging venom discharged itself with much rending and tearing of the nation's heart-strings. Then came the Mexican war, a more frightful outbreak still, showing that the evil spirit of tyranny and misrule was growing bolder and taking greater liberties with his victim. Then came, after a long period of comparative quietude, during which the nation was becoming at heart sicker and sicker, the execrable Kansas war, and the piratical expeditions of Lopez and Walker—so many horrid running sores, drawing the disease to the extremities, but not casting it out of the system. And now, at last, all the fiends combined, the demons of lying, stealing, poisoning, assassination, all the hatreds, jealousies, envies, abominations of head and heart, come roaring and raging out in this war of secession.

It is almost too much to hope that this may be the last outbreak; it is almost too much to hope that the Christ within the nation will stand up and say to this demon of slavery, "I charge thee, come out, and enter no more into him." But, oh! if it might be so, if it might indeed be so, that henceforth we should be no more plagued and crushed by this malignant demon; that we should be a nation without a slave code or a slave bill, a slave market or a slave interest, a slave plantation or a slave hut, we would not quarrel with the smell of brimstone, or the howling, or the lurid flames, which told us of the fiend's departure through the air. We would not complain that the effort to throw out the enemy left us panting, wounded, and half dead on the ground; for then we should be sure the heavenly hand would raise us up on our feet again, and restore us to a right and noble and happy mind. But alas! this kind goeth out only by prayer and fasting, and it may well be doubted if these have yet done their work in preparing us to exorcise so terrible a monster. If they have not, we must wait, only being sure that, in a system healthy as ours, each additional spasm will be one step nearer our deliverance. But God grant the volcano may be allowed to do its whole saving work—that the gaping crater may not be prematurely closed by cartloads of compromise, for if the disease, too suddenly checked, should strike inward to the heart, we should be lost.

You see, my friends, that I am determined to take the most hopeful and cheerful view of Providence. As the central fires of the earth burn low, the volcanic eruptions become less frequent and less terrible, and are choked with their own ashes. As the physical life of man on the planet becomes orderly and regular in its movement and habit, the old visitations of pestilence and black death diminish in number, in violence, in extent, and in distinctness. As the moral law is recognized and instituted and obeyed, as the authority of conscience is allowed, and peaceful industry draws off into other channels the seething elements of passion in human nature, and gives useful play to the superfluous energy of man, crimes are less frightful in their character, sins assume less hideous shape, quiet keeps itself within bounds, and offers itself as a subject for conversion rather than vindictiveness, and the expletive forces of malignity breathe their poisonous exhalations more gently away on the air.

DR. CHEEVER IN EUROPE.—In *The Tribune* of Sunday next (to-morrow) will appear a remarkable speech of Dr. Cheever against a recognition, by the British people, of the rebellious States, in which he recalls important historical incidents in honor of Massachusetts and Virginia *in the olden time;* also, an official Reply of the Church of the Puritans to the proceedings of the late Ex-Parte Council.

MR. BURLINGAME COMING HOME.—The Austrian government, offended by Mr. Burlingame's course in Congress upon Italian affairs, has declined to receive him as American Minister. Mr. Appleton, who was elected to Congress last fall by a small majority over Mr. B., died on Wednesday. Perhaps Mr. B. may, in these circumstances, be returned to his old seat.

THE MONTHLY ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING, for prayer and conference, on the part of the friends of the slave, without distinction of party names, will be held in the Lecture-room of the Church of the Puritans on Monday evening next.

STEPHEN ARNOLD DOUGLAS died on Monday last at Chicago. The slave has no reason to mourn his departure. We might say much more, but is not this enough?

ANNIVERSARY WEEK IN BOSTON.

THE CHURCH ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

May 30, 1861.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Annual Meetings of the American Anti-Slavery Society and of the New England Anti-Slavery Convention were, by the simultaneous decision of many minds, postponed this year, through a wise unwillingness to risk even a ripple against the great abolitionizing wave which Divine Providence is so grandly rolling over the nation. But a public meeting of the Church Anti-Slavery Society, at the Tremont Temple, on Tuesday, May 28th, opened with prayer by the honored apostle of liberty in exile from Kentucky, Rev. John G. Fee. A forcible address followed, by the President, and the Report of the Secretary, reviewing, in a succinct and truthful manner, the blood-guiltiness and complicity of the American Churches with slavery the last year. The Secretary (Rev. Henry T. Cheever) also submitted the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

1. Resolved, That in view of the grave aspect of our national affairs, and the state of open rebellion against the Federal government on the part of ten of the States of our Confederacy, for no other cause than slavery, the chief anxiety felt by us, as a Society of Christian Patriots, has not been—as lately intimated by an eloquent voice from over the sea—for the dissolution of the national body, but for the death of the nation's soul—not lest there should be a rending of States and civil war, but lest there should be reconciliation and peace at the expense of a deadly compromise of principle.

2. Resolved, That we believe with the same clear-headed and earnest writer (Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning) looking on, from abroad, upon the astonishing events now transpiring in this country, that "nothing can destroy the Republic but what corrupts its conscience; that if the North stand fast on the moral ground, no glory will be like our glory; that our foes may be of our own household, but our friends must be among all just and righteous men, whether in the body or out of the body." Compassed about, therefore, with so great a cloud of witnesses, we can afford to risk anything except conscience.

3. Resolved, That we fully concur in the position taken by the late annual meeting of this Society in New York, viz: That the true policy for the National Administration, in its present tremendous struggle with domestic treason and conspiracy, plainly is, inasmuch as the unnatural war into which it is forced is a pro-slavery war on the part of the rebels, to make it an *anti-slavery war on the part of the government,* and so to commend itself to the friends of impartial liberty everywhere, to the consciences of the good, to the sympathy of universal Christendom, and to the favor of Almighty God.

4. Resolved, That from the conviction which is forced upon us, that God is now exercising judgment with the nation for the long-cherished sin of slaveholding; and from a deep sense of dependence upon God only, for a safe issue in freedom to our country, and to the enslaved portion of it especially, out of the present struggle, we earnestly recommend to the Churches and to all praying people, that they observe a concert of prayer for the enslaved, and for our country, on the third Sabbath evening or third Monday evening of each month of the year.

Rev. Dr. Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, Illinois, offered a short prayer, and then preached from Psalm xciv. 20: "Shall the throne of iniquity have fellowship with Thee, which frameth mischief by a law?" The subject of the discourse was, God the author of law.

The speaker said this Society regards slaveholding as a throne of iniquity. The Society is to oppose slavery till it is destroyed. This is to be done by associating the Churches of this country in a contest with slavery. This is necessary, for the press and the pulpit of the South are unanimous in defence of slavery, and many apologists are found at the North. Prominent among these is Dr. Rice of New York, who received some attention from the speaker, as a representative of a class of erring Christians. Dr. Leonard Bacon was also referred to as representative of another class of mistaken men. Dr. Bacon would retain the slaveholder in Christian fellowship, which is plainly wrong.

The preacher then explained the system of Hebrew servitude, and claimed that it could not be quoted in defence of the system of iniquity which our country upholds. The Hebrew bondman was not a slave in the dire significance of the word at the present day. He gained by circumcision all the rights of the Hebrew citizen. There was also provision for the extinction of the system, and Dr. Barnes rationally supposes that our Savior might not have met a slave in Palestine during all his life. The speaker argued further that the New Testament Churches were not slaveholding Churches.

The sermon was followed by the reading of a letter from Rev. Wm. Goodell, of *The Principia,* New York, who recommended that "the Church of the Puritans, and its absent Pastor, Rev. Dr. Cheever, receive at this time the warm sympathies and prayers of the Church Anti-Slavery Society. Not that any new or strange thing has happened to *them,* more than to scores, if not hundreds of others, within the last twenty-five years, but that this, the *latest* instance, and, considering the circumstances, and the central position of the persecuted, one of the most *remarkable* and most *audacious,* deserves, at this time, particular attention, and should be remembered and have a place in the history of these wonderful times."

This letter was submitted to a Committee, consisting of Rev. Dr. Blanchard, Hon. I. Washburn, and Rev. George Trask, with instructions to report at the Business meeting in the afternoon, what action, if any, should be taken by the Society upon it. Said Committee, in the afternoon session at the Meionaon, reported as follows:

EX-PARTE COUNCIL ON THE CHURCH OF THE PURITANS.

Whereas, an assembly, known under the name of an Ex-Parte Council of Congregational Churches, met by Pastors and delegates on May 2d, 1861, and after hearing certain disaffected and suspended members of the Church of the Puritans, came to a "Result," in which they recommended that the fellowship of the Congregational Churches in this country be withdrawn from said Church;

And whereas, the present difficulties in the Church of the Puritans have followed and, in our judgment, *flowed from* the testimony of the Pastor of said Church against the Slave Power in this country;

And whereas, said Council have submitted their "Result" to the world at large through the secular papers, and to "the household of faith," in particular, through the religious press;

We, therefore, as a Church Anti-Slavery Society, and constituting, in a qualified sense, a Standing Council of the Churches with reference to slavery, submit to the Churches the following as some of our objections to said Ex-Parte Council and its "Result."

1. We object that it was called in the absence of the Pastor, the natural defender and representative of the Church, whose return from Europe was confidently expected within some eight weeks from the time when the Council was held.

2. We object that said Council should attempt, so far as in them lay, to excommunicate a Church of Jesus Christ from the fellowship of His saints, for no alleged heresy or apostasy, but on the sole ground of alleged irregular and violent action, which action was taken when the Church was in trouble. The Pastor was in Europe. The Church naturally declined the jurisdiction of a Council which they had no hand in calling, and after they had previously denied the request for a Mutual Council by a vote of 73 to 13, as not needing its advice in their affairs.

No Committee from the Church appeared before the Council, nor was any one heard on the part of the majority; and neither the records of the Church nor copies from the records were produced before the Council; yet does this Council try, and condemn, and, so far as it can, would annihilate that Church under such circumstances.

3. We, therefore, for these and other reasons, which in our brief report there is not room to set forth, do recommend to all Congregational Pastors and Churches totally to disregard the advice of said Council—still to regard the Church of the Puritans as a sister Church in affliction—and to regard the action of said Council as erroneous, dangerous, and unscriptural.

This report, after full and free discussion, was unanimously adopted, together with the following resolution, submitted by Lewis Tappan, of New York:

Resolved, That we highly approve of the manly and Christian efforts made by the Rev. Dr. Cheever, during his present sojourn in Great Britain, in advocating there the cause of the Christian anti-slavery movement in this country, and urging upon the British public the duty and wisdom of not recognizing the Southern Confederacy; and we rejoice that God has raised up and sustained that eminent and beloved brother in vindicating the cause of righteousness both in his own country and in other nations.

The officers of the Society were reelected, together with the following list of Honorary Vice-Presidents: C. D. Cleveland, Philadelphia; Wm. S. Rentone, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Arthur Tappan, New Haven; Edgar Ketchum, New York; Joseph N. Bacon, Newton, Mass.; J. P. Williston, Northampton, Mass.; A. C. Barstow, Providence, R. I.; J. T. Hutchins, Danielsonville, Ct.; Rev. George Gordon, Iberia, Ohio; Philo P. Stewart, Troy, New York; W. C. Gildersleeve, Wilkesbarre, Pa.; C. Stuart, Lora, Canada West; Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, New York; Rev. H. Mattison, New York; Rev. Nathan Brown, New York; Rev. J. Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, Illinois; Rev. C. B. Boynton, Cincinnati; Simon Page, Hallowell, Me.; Rev. David Thurston, Litchfield Corner, Me.; James Allen, Bangor, Me.; Hon. Ryland Fletcher, Proctorsville, Vt.; Rev. Samuel B. Rud, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. James A. Thome, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. Jacob Ide, West Medway, Mass.

A resolution was afterward adopted, pursuant to a suggestion from Wm. Goodell, which elicited a warm discussion:

Resolved, That it be recommended to the ministry and Churches to circulate and sign a memorial to the President of the United States, that, as the Chief Magistrate of the nation—"the minister of God for good, not bearing the sword in vain"—and having the undoubted constitutional right by the war power with which he is intrusted, to "proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof"—that he call, by proclamation, upon all the inhabitants of the United States, of all conditions, bond and free, to aid in supporting the government, assuring them all of its impartial protection under the common flag of our National Union and Freedom.

A petition was forthwith drawn up and signed by upward of twenty-five representative clergymen of different denominations from all parts of the country.

After a recess, the session opened with prayer by Rev. J. S. Green, of the Sandwich Islands. Rev. Samuel Hunt, of Franklin, Mass., introduced a resolution to the effect that the Executive Committee be instructed to prepare an appeal to the Christian public, urging them to use every legitimate means to prevent any peace with the South which does not involve the removal of slavery, the guilty cause of all our troubles.

Rev. H. T. Cheever, Rev. J. T. Hutchins, of Danielsonville, Conn., Rev. C. B. Smith, of Gloucester, and Rev. Elnathan Davis, of Fitchburg, supported the resolution.

Mr. Cheever, the Secretary, said that it was their duty to give a correct tone to the public mind, so that the war be not permitted to end while there is a shackle upon a single slave. He believed the politicians at Washington desired to be pushed to an advance stand on this subject. Some of them had been heard to say, "Only tell us what to do, and we will do it. Let the people, who give us the money and the men, demand that we abolish slavery, and we will do it. Let the Northern clergy make and declare public sentiment, and we, at Washington, will execute that sentiment, even to the wiping out of slavery by this war. But we will do it so that nobody shall have a right to complain."

Mr. Hutchins said, though he had belonged to the Peace Society, its meetings had now become war meetings, and he had found himself praying that the sword be not sheathed while there is a slave in the land.

Rev. Mr. Smith, of Gloucester, said the people were hurrahing for the Union, but they cared little for the slaves. He was never so disheartened as now, in consequence of the hostility of the Press and the Pulpit to genuine abolitionism. If the slaves are freed, it will be in spite of the present intent of the government and the Church.

Rev. E. Davis, of Fitchburg, on the other hand, saw much of encouragement in the present aspect of the country. If the South-side Pulpit had yielded to the public pressure, and to the requisition of a Visiting Committee, and had pronounced strongly for the war, so the South-side Pulpit would yet yield to the pressure of the people, and, when pushed, would pronounce as strongly for abolitionism, and we should yet see the miracle made good of South-side Adams and the senior Pastor of the Old South marching shoulder to shoulder with William Lloyd Garrison.

Lewis Tappan said that there was constant progress in the anti-slavery cause. This cause stands better to-day than ever before. The speaker was afraid there would be peace before the war had done its work. The insults which the South heap upon the North are the most pleasing items of news that he reads in these days. These insults will spur up the North to their duty. He hoped the rebels would not back down till the work of liberating the slaves was done. He feared that the action of the North was occasioned by an insult to our flag, and not by love to the slave and the spirit of the gospel. He hoped that President Lincoln would proclaim liberty to all the slaves in the country, and that he might live as long as Methuselah to enjoy it. These were glorious days. God was moving, and even Gen. Butler was at last converted. He had corresponded with Gov. Andrew in reference to the General's returning slaves in Maryland, and His Excellency informed him that he had told Gen. B. it was a great military blunder, *and* must not be repeated. And now we learn by telegraph that Butler refuses to return fugitives, and declares them contraband of war. He received every insult and aggression of the South upon the North with joy, because it gave strength to the anti-slavery sentiment. When 20,000 of our young men have been slain, the North will understand what they are fighting for, and his prayer was that war may continue till the North is converted. If Everett and Dr. Adams were South, they would be Secessionists—it is the flag they now care for, not the slave; when the first-born of every family shall have been slain, people will then say it is best to let the slaves go.

Mr. Fee said he approved the resolution. The people not only look to us for light in respect to the evils of slavery, but they also look to us for light as to the *way* in which slavery is to be abolished. Ideas govern the world. Let us get before the minds of the people the idea that the President or Congress can now *legitimately* abolish slavery, and that sin will lie at the door of the people unless they urge the exercise of this power, and then the power will be used, and that right speedily.

After further discussion, the resolution was unanimously adopted.

Rev. Mr. Webster moved this expression of the judgment of the Society upon the "Slaveholding Heresy":

Resolved, That if the helpless slave be the least of Christ's human brethren, and so His appointed representative on earth, then to hold him as property is to ignore, if not to deny, his human nature, and is a practical denial, therefore, of Christ's human nature also, in the person of His representative, and, like the denial of His divine nature, it is a virtual abjuring of the Christian religion, and the very worst form of infidelity.

There being no time for discussion, this was left to the Executive Committee to be again reported, together with a resolution to the effect that measures be taken to secure a register of all those Churches which, by their action, have withdrawn, or shall withdraw their fellowship from slaveholders.

The Society then adjourned to the public meeting for addresses at the Temple in the evening, when the following resolutions were submitted by the Secretary:

Resolved, That the Church Anti-Slavery Society has heard, with deep regret, rumors to the effect that the United States officers in command of Fort Pickens and Monroe have been gratuitously forward, in sending back to their masters slaves which had escaped and fled to those Forts for protection, and that Gen. Butler offered to employ the troops of Massachusetts in keeping down the slaves of Maryland.

Resolved, That we take occasion to declare—as representing no inconsiderable portion of a generous people who have sprung to arms, with a unanimity little short of miraculous, in defence of the government—that if such things have been done, or shall be done in the course of this war, by permission of the Powers that be, it is a hazardous experiment to try, with an indignant people, whose experience of the fell spirit of slavery in this war is fast bringing them to the stern resolve that slaveholding shall cease at once and forever from the country which it has so long cursed.

Resolved, That we deem it important for the general government to bear in mind, that the millions of the free States who offer themselves and their money, who are willing to sacrifice and to suffer in maintaining the integrity and freedom of our country, are not so doing, for the purpose of enabling the rebels to hunt or to hold their slaves; that conjointly with this war, forced upon us by nothing but slavery, the slave-catching vocation of the free States must come to an end; and the sooner, therefore, this fact is seen and acted upon, by all our authorities, civil and military, the better and safer will it be both for the government and the people.

Resolved, That we deem it of the utmost importance that the colored population of our land, whether free or slave, be made to understand distinctly, that the North is now their friend, and that they are to be benefited by the success of the free States in this righteous war; and that we hold it to be strictly true, as presented by one of the leading minds of the country, that, let the colored race become convinced by the action of our troops or of our civil authorities, that we are indifferent or hostile to their elevation; or let the fear prevail with the slaves—confused, as they are likely to be, by what is transpiring—that if the North shall succeed, then slavery will still be perpetuated, only with changes of ownership, the Southern boast that the slaves will fight for their masters and their homes will then, almost certainly, be made good.

Resolved, That, in our judgment, the guiding star, through the war into which we have been forced, is the purpose of God in regard to slavery, as made known by His Word, His spirit, and His providence; and if our government be still dreaming that this struggle can be successful, while the laws of Jehovah are ignored, and His command, "LET THE OPPRESSED GO FREE," is disregarded, then there is preparing for us a terrible awakening.

Another resolution of the series quotes at length from the celebrated speech of John Quincy Adams in 1842, and declares with confidence that in the order of Divine Providence the time has come for the people and the government to avail themselves of the rights of the war power, as argued by John Quincy Adams, and to declare an act of emancipation as the only means of averting the horrors of a wide-spread and most bloody servile insurrection.

Rev. Elnathan Davis, of Fitchburg, spoke to the resolutions—mainly to the first, in reference to Gen. Butler, and then in regard to the time-serving of ministers and of the religious press.

Rev. A. F. Bailey, of Marlboro, regarded the war as an old affair after all; it had been smouldering for an entire generation—for thirty years, if not more, it has been waging; and if it be not a war against slavery, we construe it to be such by our faith in the God who ruleth the hearts of princes and law-givers. The Church, he held, had been, thus far, the bulwark of slavery. Now, it should do its duty; and the ministers that had been so long and so ultra conservative, in good old Methodist phrase, should come to the mourner's bench and make a clean bosom of their sins. He believed that Abraham Lincoln would be found true to liberty, and that brother Garrison would prove to have not spent thirty of his best years in vain (applause).

Rev. J. A. Thome, of Cleveland, Ohio, a native of Kentucky, a son of a slaveholder, was the next speaker, and entered his solemn testimony against the brutalizing tendency of slavery, not upon slaves only, but upon the masters and their families. He alluded to a visit of his to this city thirty years ago. Ever since then he had been a true anti-slavery man. Some men think that slavery is the greatest evil, *next to sin.* But slavery *is* sin, and should be opposed by every possible means.

Rev. J. G. Fee, of Kentucky, who emancipated his slaves, and has fought slavery ever since, said that it is the inspiration of the hour that slavery must die. The religious sentiment is about to decide the question which politics has failed to decide.

The resolutions were adopted, and the meeting closed with the benediction, after a collection in aid of the Society.

It is noticeable how, at all the meetings this year, from the Peace Society down through the long sliding scale, war has been the tenor, slavery the base, and abolitionism the great sub-base. Dr. Tyng said, before the American Tract Society (Boston), that slaveholding—that is, holding men and women in bondage—was a sin and a crime. Hear me, said he; slavery *ought* to be abolished, slavery *must* be abolished, slavery *can* be abolished, slavery *shall* be abolished, slavery *will* be abolished; and if to believe *that,* with the addition that slavery shall *now* be abolished, makes an Abolitionist, then I'm an Abolitionist, and not a bit afraid or ashamed of it. Quoting from the divine who argued that slavery is a divine institution, he said, Yes, as hell is a divine institution, and destined, he hoped, soon to go to the devil. As to the war, according to the report in *The Traveller,* he said: There could be but one end to the conflict; the government would be upheld, and the war would be the death-blow to slavery in the United States. The Southern chivalry would be no match for the Puritans. He did not believe in the bravery that comes from crime.

you will be properly impressed by this display of "first families"; but, as Emerson told us, only yesterday, at the Music Hall, that Boston contrives to reverse the old saying about the descendants of famous men, I set down the facts for what they may be worth.

One of our morning papers contained a very pertinent remonstrance by an Anglo-American against the general abuse of England for not displaying her anti-slavery sentiment in her relation to the present contest. He avers that a vast majority of Northern journals declare that the question of slavery has nothing whatever to do with the dispute—that officers in command of troops in the service of the United States lose no opportunity of assuring the South, not only that they will not liberate their slaves, but that they will put those down who attempt to free themselves—finally, that no man or organ of any popular authority has taken the ground even that slavery will be restricted to its present limits, or the odious rendition law repealed, if the North is victorious. All this hits very palpably most of the complainants, and shows what moral power we shall gain when the feeling which now stirs the Northern heart may form a watchword for soldier's lips.

* * X.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, June 3, 1861.

GENERAL BUTLER is *gradually* getting into the right position on the slave question, and the government drifts with him. Slaves begin to flock in numbers to our standard, and anxiously ask, "Shall you send us back?" Rebel masters impudently demand the return of said slaves under the authority of the Constitution, the very instrument these knaves have been swearing they will trample under foot. Here is a new dilemma. What shall Ben. Butler do? He hits upon a novel plan, and replies to the impudence of the Norfolk slaveholders, "Swear allegiance to the government of the United States, and then ask for your slaves, *and not till then.* They are contraband goods, and you can't use them till the rebellion is crushed!"

A little anxious upon the subject, Gen. Butler sends his brother up to Washington for instructions, and gets Mr. Cameron's letter in reply [See first page.—*Ed.*], the most significant sentence of which is this: "*The question of their final disposition will be reserved for future determination.*" The real question is thus *left to be decided by circumstances.* What if the rebels make a desperate defence, so that it becomes difficult to subdue them—what if England interferes by and by to save the slaveholders from a deserved retribution, and the task before us becomes so great that it disheartens? Then, certainly, the government will overthrow slavery at the point of the bayonet. If the rebels carry on the war like fiends, as they promise to do, then the government most certainly will punish them by allowing and encouraging the slaves to "possess" their freedom. On the same day on which Mr. Cameron sent the dispatch to which I have alluded, he made a speech to the Seventh Regiment of New York, which contains a few striking sentences, and which will serve to explain his dispatch. Speaking of the war, he said:

"It is not for me to determine when this struggle will end. But I may say how it shall end. Sooner or later it can have but one conclusion, and that will be *when the disturbing cause which gave rise to it is utterly obliterated.* Again I thank you. You will return to meet that cordial welcome always tendered to the brave—that honorable recognition won by those who have passed with manful fidelity through the labors and perils allotted them."

Notice the italicized sentence. Now I happen to know that Mr. Cameron was asked what he meant by that sentence, and he replied, "Slavery."

The feeling that slavery must be "obliterated" on this continent is growing stronger every hour among our public men. One of the ablest of the old hunker Democrats, and a recognized leader of the party, remarked to me, a few days ago, "If slavery survives the war, it will henceforth exist by sufferance only, and the masters must consent that the free States be entirely freed from any obligations towards it. We shall have a new Constitution when the war is over, and all guarantees for the continuance of the institution will be wiped out." This is the position of most of our Democrats now—those who were in earnest. Of course there are many Democratic knaves, who are yet secretly the friends of the rebels. New York hides thousands of them, who are at present afraid to avow their sentiments, yet who, at the first sign of a reaction in the public mind, will howl for the recognition of the slaveholding republic.

Mr. Bates committed a terrible blunder the other day in telegraphing to the Old School Presbyterians at Philadelphia not to pass a resolution to support the government in this crisis. He must have been crazy to have sent such a dispatch, and he was very severely rebuked a day or two after by Secretary Chase, who could see no reason why the Presbyterian Assembly should not express itself in favor of the Constitution *and freedom.* There was a sting in the last part of the sentence, inasmuch as that body has obstinately refused of late to say one word for freedom.

Events of importance loom up in the distance. We are, before long, to have some fighting in the enemy's country. What effect will this fighting have upon the slaves? What will be the result of the first battle? I take it, from Scott's known caution, that he will not lose a battle, having the complete advantage in numbers as well as equipment. There are now over 40,000 men here under arms, and in case of an attack from any one quarter, 30,000 could participate in the fight. The Virginians cannot bring over 15,000 men upon us at any point within twenty miles of this city. If there is to be a battle at Manassas Junction, Gen. Scott will not make the attack with less than 20,000 men, and will take it. By this success Harper's Ferry will fall into our possession, and its rebel army become our prisoners, unless they previously evacuate it.

Meantime, Gen. Butler is planning an advance movement upon the enemy in the region of Norfolk. The nature of the movement is kept a secret, but it is fully believed here that ere long there will be an overwhelming demonstration upon Norfolk, and, perhaps, on Richmond. Butler is evidently uneasy for another brilliant advance. He has been quiet for two or three weeks, and must make a noise in the newspapers again. This is his weak point as a military commander. He is in great danger of committing a blunder and losing a battle. Let him but lose one battle through any fault of his, and he may as well return to Boston. The fact that he must be aware of this will perhaps save him from any recklessness.

It is a settled fact that ere long Harper's Ferry will come into our possession, and the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, through its entire length, be run by men friendly to the government. This is certain. But the place to strike effectively is at Richmond. To drive the rebel Congress from Richmond—to whip Jeff. Davis and his Cabinet from their chosen capital—will inflict a deadly blow upon the rebellion. If possible, Richmond should be in our possession before the middle of July. The quicker the deed is done, the better for us; but it is not at all probable that the rebellion will be crushed till our armies have traversed the entire South; indeed not till slavery is "obliterated."

The colored people, slave and free, in all this region, are becoming aware of the character of the war. The slaves across the Potomac, though few in numbers, have their ears open, and are waiting for their freedom. They feel certain that the war is to finally set them all at liberty. Some of these poor creatures came over to Washington on Sunday, and their talk is all upon one subject—the war, and they are all agreed in their opinion of it, so far as I can hear.

AVON.

TROPHY OF AMERICAN SLAVERY.—Henry Ward Beecher, while in Washington a day or two since, was presented with a huge ring and staple, to which the negro, now cooking for the Michigan regiment in Alexandria, was found attached. Gen. W. T. Dennis and Judge John W. Wright of Indiana, brought away this ugly evidence and instrument of torture and oppression. John C. Underwood, of Virginia, made the presentation speech, in which he said: "Take it to that great school-house of liberty, your own church of Brooklyn. Show the enlightened, devoted, and Christian people of your charge, by this sign, the great redemption which the sons of the Puritans are now working out for the sons of the old cavaliers of Virginia. Let it pass from Northern hill-top to hill-top, over your great plains and valleys, like the cross of the hermit, or the signal of the Highlander, inspiring the brave defenders of liberty to do and dare for our common country, our time-honored Constitution, and our beneficent Union. With fervent prayers to our Heavenly Father for the speedy coming of that good time when ours shall, in deed and in truth, be the land of the free and the home of the brave. As a citizen of Virginia, I surrender this trophy to your hands." Mr. Beecher's response is expected from his pulpit to-morrow.

A WORD FROM MRS. MARTINEAU.

We have received, too late for publication entire this week, a letter from Mrs. Martineau, dated the 20th of May. We make room, however, for the first two paragraphs, relating to the American war:

"You will have seen by our English newspapers how warm is the sympathy which now waits upon you from Europe. We hear less and less of regret at the disruption of the Union, and more and more admiration of the patriotism of the North, when once roused from the apparent apathy or timidity which so perplexed the friends of free institutions everywhere. Nothing in your history is finer than what we have been hearing within ten days; and we doubt whether anything has been ever said by your public men more thoroughly admirable than Mr. Phillips's address on the War. There, again, comes in the meanness and cowardice which puzzle us in the midst of so noble a story—the attempt to keep that speech out of the journals. It is like the attempt to keep the subject of slavery out of Congress, where, as Mr. Calhoun assured me, it would never be spoken of in any time to come. Among the evidences of sympathy from this side, I think none will touch you more than *Punch* of last week—the black Cæsar on his throne of cotton bales, and the gladiators, North and South, with their bowie-knives, about to fight for Cæsar's verdict. The Southern countenance is evidence enough of Mr. Punch's tendencies in the case.

"We are wondering how we are to learn anything of Southern proceedings during the struggle. The notion was, at first, that we should derive full information from the very able correspondent of *The Times*, who kept us up with the march of events in the Crimea and in India; but we already see that he is in a false position as a reporter of affairs. In his former campaigns he was among his own countrymen, and, therefore, morally at home, and free to tell what he saw. Where he is now, he must owe his knowledge, or the best part of it, to the courtesy of hosts; and of course he cannot publish anything that they would object to being known. Thus he may give us some sketches of scenery and details of manners; but we shall hardly learn anything from him of what we are eager to know. Such seems to be the conclusion from the opening letters of his series, which are conspicuously inferior to any of his former correspondence."

The remainder of the letter is a rejoinder to Mr. Greeley's recent communication upon the Protective policy. It shall appear in our next.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, valuable at all times, is especially so now for its copious extracts from the European press, showing the views of the American war which prevail along the people of the Old World, and particularly in the mother country. As a mirror of European politics also it is superior to any other American periodical. Boston: Littell, Son & Co. Terms, $6 per annum.

Chronicles of the War.

THE NORTH-SIDE VIEW.

THE past week has witnessed several skirmishes, of which accounts will be found below. A decisive battle at some point in Virginia is likely to take place within a few days—probably at Manassas Junction. If Gen. Scott drives the rebels from this point, he will thereby cut off the communication between Richmond and Harper's Ferry, when, by the advance of his forces from the West and North, he can completely hem in the rebel garrison at the latter place, and thus, probably, compel an evacuation. Gen. Patterson is at Chambersburg at the head of 30,000 men, ready to march upon Harper's Ferry at a signal. The number approaching from the West we are unable to state, but it is large, and gains strength as it advances through Western Virginia.

The number of troops in and around Washington is not less than 35,000. They are ready for attack or defence, and in constant expectation of a battle.

The force at Fortress Monroe and vicinity is very large, though we are unable to state the exact number. The operations in that quarter indicate a speedy advance upon the enemy's intrenchments.

Well-informed persons believe that Gen. Scott means to occupy Richmond before the 4th of July. His advance will no doubt be desperately contested.

ATTACK ON THE REBEL BATTERY AT ACQUIA CREEK.

On Friday, the 31st ult., the steamers Freeborn and Anacosta attacked the batteries of the rebels at the junction of Acquia Creek and the Potomac. The point is important as the terminus of the railroad leading from Richmond toward Washington. The batteries had six guns, and were defended by 600 rebel soldiers. The charge was kept up for two hours, till all the ammunition on the steamers was expended. On Saturday the attack was renewed by the Freeborn and Pawnee, the bombardment lasting for more than four hours. It appears that a large force of men had been at work all Friday night repairing the injuries the beach battery received in the morning, and it was in a tolerably good condition. The fire on Saturday was severe. The Pawnee alone threw 350 shells and shot, and the Freeborn 260. The Freeborn was struck with six shots, only one of which penetrated, and severely damaged one of the wheels. Another passed through the side, about twenty feet abaft the stem, cutting off one of the main deck beams, then striking a large knee and cutting it completely off, bolts and all. The fourth shot passed through the bulwarks. The fifth and sixth struck the port-yard, and bounded overboard. Two or three shots struck so close to the vessel as to throw up water sufficient to administer a refreshing bath to the gunners. The Pawnee's shot did good execution. She was the recipient of five shots from the enemy, none of which did material damage. Lieut. Cash says there must have been quite a number of the rebels killed, as they could be distinctly seen from the deck of the Freeborn carrying off many of their number on litters. He says all the guns of the inland battery had been removed to the sand battery on the shore the night before, from which the entire firing of the rebels proceeded. The shot from the enemy were altogether from rifled cannon, which accounts for their scarifying effect. All of the enemy's guns were silenced save one, which was discharged only at intervals of about twenty minutes, and finally ceased altogether. As the rebels' firing ceased, they applied the torch to the railroad depôt in the vicinity, which, together with the entire length of the wharf, was consumed. It is presumed that in view of the formidable appearance of the Federal troops, and the great execution they have accomplished, the rebels anticipated a landing of troops from the vessels to make sure of the work so well done, and were determined to destroy as much as possible before their arrival.

FIGHT AT FAIRFAX COURT-HOUSE.

A fight took place on Saturday morning at Fairfax Court-House, Va., which was quite a brilliant affair. A body of United States cavalry, under Lieutenant Tompkins, accompanied by three or four officers of the New York Fifth regiment as volunteers, while reconnoitring in that direction, fell in with the pickets of the rebels. After challenging them and driving them back, they rushed at a charge through the village, and were fired at from hotels, houses, and from behind fences as they passed. Returning, they were met by three several detachments of the rebels, who had turned out into the streets, one of them having a field-piece. The cavalry cut their way through, killing twenty-seven of the rebels, and making prisoners of five. The United States troops had only one man killed, one missing, and four wounded, among whom was Lieutenant Tompkins himself. Quartermaster Carey of the New York Ninth, was slightly wounded by a rifle-shot in the foot. The prisoners taken in this skirmish were sent to Washington.

The capture of John B. Washington at Fairfax Court-House was a pleasant affair. As an infantry Captain of the rebel force, he was prominent in the resistance to our cavalry, until a trooper rode up, caught him by the hair, lifted him bodily upon the pommel of his saddle, and, holding him in this position, charged twice through the town. Capt. Washington complained bitterly, but, after having been lectured by Gen. Scott, he concluded to take the oath of allegiance, and was released. He is now with his family in Washington. Capt. Washington is a son of the late Col. John A. Washington, who was lost overboard from the San Francisco.

This affair was followed on Saturday night by another exploit by the same company. A dispatch from Washington on Sunday gives the account of the affair thus:

A gentleman direct from the immediate vicinity of Fairfax Court-House states that during last night word came into the camp of the 28th New York regiment that the two dragoons missing from Company B, which made the sally on Fairfax Court-House on Saturday morning, were captured by the rebel forces, and were to be hanged this morning. Company B was immediately summoned from their quarters, and mounting, rode up to the Court-House, and having by some means ascertained the precise location of their imprisoned comrades, made a dash through the village and recovered the two men, whom they brought back in triumph to the camp at daybreak.

BATTLE AT PHILLIPPA, VA.

CINCINNATI, Monday, June 3, 1861.

Two columns of troops from Gen. McClellan's command, one under command of Col. Kelly of the 1st Virginia Volunteers, and the other under command of Col. Crittenden, composed of the Indiana Volunteers, left Grafton early last night, and after marching during the entire night, about 20 miles, through a drenching rain, surprised a camp of rebels, 1,500 strong, at Phillippa, the shire town of Barbour County, Va., and routed them, killing 15 and capturing a large amount of arms, horses, ammunition, provisions, camp equipage, etc., The surprise was complete, and at the last advices the Federal troops were in hot pursuit of the rebels. It is probable that many prisoners will be taken. Col. Kelley was seriously wounded. Several others of the Federal troops were slightly wounded.

SKIRMISH AT WILLIAMSPORT.

On Saturday morning the rebels opposite Williamsport, Md. (on the Potomac), attempted to steal a ferry-boat lying at that place. The Union company stationed there fired upon the Secessionists, and the fire was by them returned. The skirmish lasted an hour, the result being the rout of the rebel party with several wounded. No harm was done to the Union men. The object of the Secessionists was to get possession of the boat to convey marauding parties into Maryland.

THE GARRISON AT CAIRO.

The fortifications at Cairo are being rapidly built. The troops there are in excellent condition. It is believed to be Gen. Scott's intention to make a descent upon the rebels from this point, when the right moment shall arrive.

THE SOUTH-SIDE VIEW.

THE reports from the South are exceedingly contradictory in various particulars, but there is no doubt that Jeff. Davis is in command of the rebel army in Eastern Virginia, and that he is preparing to make a desperate and bloody resistance to the advancing forces of the United States. The men under his control are variously estimated at from 30,000 to 60,000. Harper's Ferry is strongly fortified. Much sickness, however, is said to exist among the troops at that point, and desertions are constantly taking place. Manassas Junction is held by a considerable force, and it is probable that the first real battle will occur at this place, which commands the line of communication between Richmond and Harper's Ferry. Gen. Beauregard is in command at this place. Large bodies of troops are gathered at Memphis, Randolph and other places, to resist the advance of the western wing of Gen. Scott's force, and, perhaps, with a view to aggressive movements northward.

LIFTING UP BLOODY HANDS IN PRAYER.

Jefferson Davis, President of the slaveholding Confederacy, has appointed Thursday, the 13th inst., as a day of fasting and prayer! His proclamation contains these words:

"Knowing that none but a just and righteous cause can gain the Divine favor, we would implore the Lord of Hosts to guide and direct our policy in the paths of right, duty, justice, and mercy; to unite our hearts and our efforts for the defence of our dearest rights, to strengthen our weakness, crown our arms with success, and enable us to secure a speedy, just and honorable peace."

Such language in the mouth of one speaking for a government founded in slavery and marked in every step of its progress by the most gigantic theft and robbery, reminds us of the rogue who always said grace over the meat that he stole from his neighbor's sheepfold! Alas, how idle and worthless are external observances as marks of piety!

WHAT THE CHIEF CONSPIRATORS SAY.

Jefferson Davis arrived in Richmond on the 29th ult., and made a speech, in which he said:

"I look upon you as the last, best hope of liberty; and in our liberty alone is our constitutional government to be preserved. Upon your strong right arm depends the success of our country, and, in asserting the birthright to which you were born, you are to remember that life and blood are nothing as compared with the immense interests you have at stake.

"It may be that you have not long been trained, and that you have much to learn of the art of war, but I know that there beats in the breasts of Southern sons a determination never to surrender—a determination never to go home but to tell a tale of honor. Though great may be the disparity of numbers, give us a fair field and a free fight, and the Southern banner will float in triumph everywhere."

Vice-President Stephens recently made a speech in Atlanta, Ga., in which he said:

"The North is fast drifting to anarchy and an established despotism. On you, therefore, as citizens of the Confederate States, depend the success and perpetuation of constitutional liberty; for the day is not far off when freedom will exist only south of Mason and Dixon's line, and your stout arms and brave hearts will be her only support on all this continent.

"We prefer and desire peace if we can have it; but if we cannot, we must meet the issue forced upon us. We must meet Lincoln and his myrmidons on their own ground, and on their own terms—on constitutional principles."

DESPERATION OF THE REBELS.

John W. Forney writes to the Philadelphia *Press* as follows:

"Many of our best-informed observers begin to think that there will be no serious resistance to our troops in Virginia, and that the policy of retreat will be maintained by the Disunionists, as far more agreeable than a crushing and inglorious defeat. This is not my opinion. The conspirators must fight. That Davis, Stephens, Mason, Hunter and Slidell bitterly realize their blunder, I not only believe, *but I know it.* We have only to recall the reluctance with which Davis left the Senate and the Union; the conservative speeches of Stephens, up to the very moment of his disgraceful desertion of the cause of his country; the timid treachery and double-faced logic of Hunter; the brag of that immense ass and bully, Mason, whose assumptions of superiority were in ridiculous contrast to his own transparent ignorance—to find the evidence of this assertion. But these bold, bad men are already suspected by their dupes. They have always been distrusted by a great party in the South. And, as debt, despair, and utter gloom begin to settle upon the Secession cause, those who were *forced into this cause* will demand that Davis and his Directory shall do something or go to the wall. Bear in mind that the idea of a divided North and a united South has been dispelled. *It has been reversed.* We have no Andrew Jackson in the free States, no Emerson Etheridge, no Frank Blair, no Sherrard Clemens, no George D. Prentice, to divide our solid column, because these men, when they speak and act in the South, speak and act against a foul and festering wrong, and because the creed of the people of the loyal States is that of honor, gratitude, and liberty. But in the seceded States all is distrust and doubt. The other slave States are more than divided, because those who there oppose secession will do it alike with the ballot and the cartridge-box. Hence, a bold forward movement is demanded at the hands of Davis and his set to save themselves. You see that Davis has at last reached Richmond. He is there in bad health and worse spirits. He is there a broken-hearted, bankrupt man. All his chiefs are sick or sullen. There is not one man in the whole cabal that is not either ashamed or disgusted with himself. They look upon the movements of the North with terror and with horror. They behold the awful power of the government of the United States, now rapidly developing, with amazement and wonder. They know that their only safety is in fight, and fight they will, even if it is but one battle, and that their last on earth."

SHABBY-GENTEEL SOLDIERS.

Mr. Richard Fairchild, who has resided for some years in Louisiana, and who arrived in this city a few days since, states that the troops from the parishes present a sad spectacle. They are mostly planters' sons, unused to toil of any kind, reared in indolence, often dissipated, and physically weak. An ordinary Northern militia muster in the country, in times of peace, would furnish better material for immediate service than the mass of the rebel troops that have come from the Louisiana parishes. In many instances the soldiers brought negro servants with them, but greatly to their "young masters'" grief, they were sent back—the commissariat being too low to admit of the luxury of privates in the ranks being furnished with servants.—*Times.*

TERRIBLE DESPOTISM IN THE SOUTH-WEST.

The Times, on the authority of Mr. Fairchild, lately from Louisiana, says: "A terrible despotism rules the State. To utter sentiments favorable to the United States government is certain ruin, if not death; to be silent is to lay one's self liable to be called a Submissionist to-day and an Abolitionist to-morrow, if the suspected party does not at once avow treasonable sentiments. It is an every day occurrence that men who have means to enable them to depart are driven out; and thousands are in despair that they cannot flee from the terror that surrounds them. Mr. Fairchild has himself seen two men hung by mob violence—one, he thought, from his voice, a Massachusetts man, at Galveston, and the other an Irishman, at Indianola—both because they were accused of being Abolitionists. He has no doubt that such instances are of frequent occurrence."

WHAT THE SOUTH IS TOLD.

From The Mobile Register.

Servile insurrection is a part of their programme, but they expect no great amount of practical good to result therefrom—consequently, it is contended that it would be a far better course of policy for the Abolitionists to murder the slaves, and thus exterminate slavery. A more monstrous proposition could not emanate from the most incarnate fiend among the damned. But infamous as it is, it finds an advocate in the abolition press. The slaves are to be indiscriminately slaughtered, and when the last one is butchered, then it is thought the Institution will cease to exist. The soul recoils in horror at the idea of an unscrupulous war upon the innocent and defenceless slave. The Syrian massacre of the Christians, and all the crimes of its bloody participants, pales before the proposed atrocities of the Black Republicans. Their masters, however, in this, as all other instances, will be their protectors and saviours. With this much of their published programme we must not be surprised at any act or threat as the campaign advances.

This diabolical falsehood was invented, of course, to deceive and frighten the slaves, who are hoping and praying that the war may break their chains!

THE SOLDIERS AT RICHMOND.

The camps near this city present a most slovenly aspect, suggestive of dissipation and revelry, and the reverse of military industry, order, and discipline. Drunkenness reigns supreme, and it is difficult to pass through the streets without encountering staggering inebriates. *The Dispatch* newspaper office, in Maine street, and other newspaper offices, are constantly surrounded by eager multitudes, and among the persons who prowl near the hotels and the corners of streets are many whose suspicious and vagabond appearance surpasses in hideousness the worst ruffians of old St. Giles in London, or of the Five Points in New York. As I pass along these gangs of miscreants, I hear frequently fearful imprecations, and it is only by supremely ignoring their menacing utterances that I have hitherto escaped danger, though on two occasions I have only been able to quiet a handful of desperate, drunken ruffians by giving them money and cigars.—*Cor. Tribune.*

TERROR IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.

A correspondent of *The Tribune*, at Fortress Monroe, writes: "The presence of the large and daily-increasing force has struck terror into the rebels for a great distance around. Yesterday, Mr. Franklin West, with his wife, niece, and brother, reached here, fugitives from Warwick, about eighteen miles from Hampton. The Pembroke was about to leave for Boston, Gen. Butler gave the fugitives a free pass on the steamer. From Mr. West I learn that all through that section of the State there is the greatest alarm. There was a great scarcity of arms, and the troops, so far as he had seen, were but a mob, drunken and desperate. Women are in a state of alarm at the terrible Zouaves and Yankees, and the negroes are running hither and thither for their liberty. It is certain, from the accounts that reach us, that the rebel leaders have no faith whatever that the government can be resisted with success. In their own minds they are beaten already, and the general belief is that the delay of the government is but to gather its energies, and that when it does move it will be to crush them. This is the feeling represented to exist among the rebels through all this lower part of Virginia."

The correspondent of *The Times*, in the same quarter, says: "Throughout the territory of which we have any account in this part of Virginia, the greatest dismay imaginable exists. The people have fled as our troops have advanced, leaving fields and effects, generally including negroes, as though the destroyers were at hand. The fields will be uncultivated, the crops will not be secured, and it is now evident that a worse than blight will rest on this region of the Old Dominion. Those who have not fled are bordering on distress. Provisions are scarce, and bear an exorbitant price. Few persons have money to buy with, if there was anything to buy. Flour, tea, sugar, coffee, butter, and pretty much everything, indeed, but bacon and potatoes, are extreme luxuries at fabulous prices."

ALTERED TONE OF THE SOUTHERN SOLDIERS.

No fact gives greater promise of a speedy termination of the present rebellion than the altered tone of public sentiment now manifested in the South. The agents of the government who have visited the rebel camps at Fredericksburg, Richmond, Staunton, Warrenton and Harper's Ferry, all coincide with the statements made by the scouts and prisoners who have been seized by our advance troops, and the statements of the deserters and fugitives from the rebels, that the Southern military now fully realize the strength of the government and the formidable character of its present military movements.

No newspapers circulate among the troops, except those of the worst secession stripe, which are not expected to be zealous in giving currency to the extent of the military preparations of the government; but the expected aid from the North has not reached them, and this, with current statements made by casual visitors and private letters, has convinced the rebels not only that there is no division in Northern sentiment, but that movements on a grander scale than any they have witnessed are being made, as they express it, "for their subjugation." Hence there is less disposition on the part of the rebel soldiery to belittle the resources of the North.—*Washington Cor. Times.*

PRACTICAL SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

From The Troy Daily Times, May 31.

Miss Florence McCray, a young lady of intelligence and refinement, has just returned to this city from the South, under circumstances which reflect very little credit upon the boasted chivalry of its people. She was, and had been for about four years, employed in teaching school at Mobile. About two weeks ago, a fiery lad under her instruction drew a bowie-knife upon her, when she attempted to correct him, and was dismissed for the offence. The next day, an officer of the city waited upon her with an order to leave the place for the North in two hours, on the ground that she was "a Northern spy"; informing her that if it was not obeyed, she would be subjected to forty-nine lashes, and coated with tar and feathers, by a committee of ladies. She asked whether she could collect $350, due her, and was informed that "she shouldn't get one cent of it." Five dollars was charged her for a passport to Richmond, and officers were ordered to accompany her to that city. On the way she was subjected to every species of vulgarity and insult by her guards, and also by men in the cars, who crowded around to stare and jeer at "the Northern spy," and who spat tobacco juice upon her dress. At Richmond, she was taken before Governor Letcher, and demanded from him the protection of a gentleman. He informed her that he had no protection to give; that a woman who would become a spy deprived herself of all claim to sympathy for her sex; and that if she was hung, it would be no more than she deserved. Here again she was forced to get another passport to Alexandria, and five dollars more were collected from her. An officer accompanied her to Alexandria, who incited and aided in the most disgracefully vulgar treatment towards her; and once, when, in an omnibus, she gave vent to her natural indignation on account of the manner in which she was treated, the vehicle was stopped, and the threat made to hang her on the spot, if she did not recant what she had said, which she was obliged to do. At Alexandria, her tormenters, in leaving her, took from her the trunk in which was her clothing, and left her to come on with nothing but the apparel on her person, but glad enough to escape, even in such a plight, from the brutes who could thus maltreat an unoffending and defenceless woman. During the trip she contracted a severe bronchial affection, from exposure, and is now suffering much in consequence. Miss McCray is now stopping at present with some friends in Albany. She is without money or resources, and anxious to obtain employment in any reputable occupation. A note addressed to her at this office would receive attention.

"SABLE CLOUDS."

HUNDREDS OF FUGITIVE SLAVES, says the Harrisburg correspondent of *The Herald*, are daily escaping over the border into Pennsylvania. Harrisburg is the retreat of many of them, but the great majority push on further north. The same writer says: "A worthy Virginian informed me to-day that we have no idea of the dark pall that enshrouds every portion of Eastern Virginia. Planters are in constant fear of their lives, slaves are deserting, crops are poor; while only war, with its devastation and horror, stares them in the face. A feeble attempt at insurrection was made in the vicinity of Winchester on Sunday night, 26th ult., but the Southern army encamped there soon quieted the affair. Three negroes and a white man, from Massachusetts, it is said, were shot, and sixteen negroes lodged in the jail at that place."

THE PEOPLE LIKE IT.—The general satisfaction with which the people read that Gen. Butler has refused to deliver fugitive slaves to their pretended owners, shows how glad they are when anything occurs which indicates that slavery is likely to get a blow during the *melée.* The General is organizing the negroes. It does not appear that he fears the horrors of St. Domingo in Fortress Monroe, from the presence of a hundred freed black men. You know the "conservative" theory is that as soon as you set a negro free, he will seize a knife and cut the throat of the first man, woman or child he sees. This is so *natural*, of course it must be correct. Strange that Gen. Butler does not see it. Yet, instead of putting these black fellows in irons, he has actually put spades in their hands and set them at work! Yet a spade, in the hands of a stout man, may be a deadly weapon. Careless, nay, reckless General Butler! By and by we shall perhaps discover, by actual experiment, that as black powder is only dangerous when it is brought into contact with fire, the peaceable, patient negro is only to be feared when he is kept in life-long servitude. Elizur Wright, in *The Tribune*, gives some valuable information on "The Horrors of St. Domingo," of which we shall hear less in the future than we have in the past, from the "conservatives."—*Boston Cor. Springfield Republican.*

GEN. BUTLER'S "CONTRABAND" ALLIES.—The correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, writing from Fort Monroe, May 27, says:

"Yesterday, eight negroes, belonging to various planters in this neighborhood, came into this camp, one of whom had been employed in the erection of the enemy's sand batteries. They all told the story that they had left their masters because they believed they were to be sent South; one objected that he didn't care to be employed in fighting on the secession side, as he had been heretofore; and one stated very frankly that he supposed the gentlemen in Fortress Monroe were the friends of the colored population. 'We had heard it,' said he, in the genuine field-hand dialect, 'since last fall, that if Lincoln was elected, you would come down and set us free. And the white folks used to say so, but they don't talk so now; the colored people have talked it all over; we heard that if we could get in here we should be free, or, at any rate, we should be among friends.' This morning forty-seven came in one squad, embracing all ages, from three months to 85 years. Most are owned in this neighborhood, but a few came from beyond—one from well up toward Richmond, and one, a woman, came from the other side of Hampton Roads. There were in this lot half a dozen entire families. Another lot of a dozen good field hands, many from points far in the interior, also came and expressed their willingness to enroll in the new corps of 'Virginia Union Volunteers,' and they were forthwith accepted. Some in Massachusetts, who have been afflicted by the 'Andrew and Butler correspondence,' will find solace in the fact that the Massachusetts stores have—by order of the General in command—been taken to feed these panting fugitives."

GEN. MCLELLAN'S PROCLAMATION.—The Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says:

"'*Brutum fulmen*'—isn't that the Latin for such proclamations as Gen. McLellan's, about putting down negro insurrections with an 'iron hand'? Gen. Butler proposed to suppress one which had not arisen, and Gen. McLellan proposes to put down one in a region where slaves are as scarce almost as in Vermont. The Ohio General will probably discover that the true Union men of Western Virginia would not be reluctant to have the government organize freedom in their region; and as for making people loyal by returning their fugitives, it is more than probable that before the 4th of July, slaves will be so valueless that the masters will not want them returned. John Randolph predicted a time when the masters would run away from their slaves. Let the Generals go ahead. Butler is the quickest-witted man in the country, perhaps, and if McLellan is not a dunce, he will learn something besides military tactics before he gets back to Ohio."

"MASSA, I HARKS."—A gentleman lately from a Southern port related in our hearing recently this incident: Himself and another person were talking over the present national troubles in the hearing of a slave who was working about one of the wharves, when at last one of them turned to him and inquired, "Well, Ebony, what do you do these times?" "Ah, Massa," said he, with a significant twinkle of the eye, raising a hand to one ear, "I harks!" He had been an attentive listener.—*Hyannis (Mass.) Messenger.*

CONVICTED OF TREASON.—The New Orleans *Delta* says: "Two men in Greene County, North Carolina, named Tyson and May, brothers, have been convicted of treason, in endeavoring to incite the slaves to insurrection. A special messenger had been dispatched to Governor Letcher, of Virginia, to see if they can be admitted to confinement in the penitentiary of that State. If not, they were to be executed on the 10th of May."

WAITING TO BE SET FREE.—The Delaware *Republican* says: A lady who is well informed as to the sentiments and feelings of the free colored and slave population of Charleston, whence she had just returned, states that the blacks are unanimous in the desire for an insurrection, if there is the slightest chance of it being successful. They all believe that the army of the North is coming down to set them free. On the plantations there is so much apprehension, that the hoes, axes, and all other implements that are likely to be made available as weapons, are locked up at night, to prevent their being used by the slaves.

WHAT DID HE MEAN?—Mr. Cameron, Secretary of War, in the course of his address to the Seventh (New York) regiment, a few days since, said: "Whether the war shall be long or short, before it is ended *the cause of the rebellion will be blotted out.*" This remark, from a Cabinet officer, is significant.

THE NEGROES OF ALEXANDRIA.—Some citizens of Alexandria complain that negroes are allowed more privileges and treated with more consideration by our soldiers than themselves. They are allowed, like other peripatetic property, to go about the streets at night. Free negroes complain that the city authorities have them whipped and locked up for spending too much time in looking at the troops. One was whipped for giving a soldier a drink of water. The Mayor of Alexandria, a violent Secessionist, avenges his wounded dignity by maltreatment of the negroes. A negro is slow in stepping aside at the Mayor's approach, and he is forthwith knocked down and afterwards arrested and whipped at the whipping-post. Other negroes have been whipped for listening to the evening music of the bands, in opposition to the Mayor's idea of what enjoyment is fit for them.—*Cor. Tribune.*

PANIC AND DISMAY.—*Newport's News, Mouth of James River, Va., May* 27, 1861.—The dismay which recent movements here and at Old Point have caused throughout this part of Virginia is confirmed. The most exaggerated accounts are circulated concerning the movements and numbers of the Federal forces. A lady, who recently fled from the neighborhood of Warwick, assures me that it was in contemplation to gather the women and children into a fortification in some deep forest, where they could be protected from New England barbarians and foreign mercenaries, whom they say Lincoln has engaged to ravage the country. The panic had taken the most absurd direction. All the usual avocations had been broken up. Negroes were running away by hundreds, and the manner in which the entire population were fleeing was communicating to regions beyond an indescribable dismay.—*Tribune.*

ALARM IN MEMPHIS.—Mr. James J. Brown, lately exiled from Memphis, says "the feeling of insecurity there is really torturing. What with the dread of Northern invasion and negro insurrections, the town is fast being depleted of its female and juvenile population."

COLORED SOLDIERS — FEARS OF INSURRECTION. — Mr. Richard Fairchild, a resident for several years of St. Mary's parish, Louisiana, and who lately arrived in this city, states that a novel feature in the military movements of the State was a body of 1,500 free negroes, who were armed, and were daily drilling in New Orleans. Mr. Fairchild witnessed one of their parades. He states that they exhibit a fair proficiency in their evolutions. The non-commissioned officers were selected from the negroes themselves, but they were commanded by whites. The whole body had enlisted for general service, and were subject to be ordered to any point, at the option of the authorities.

Slaves, too, were being armed, in many cases. This was especially the case in Caddo and St. Mary's parishes, and in the sugar-growing portions of the Attakapas country. Many planters there had obtained arms, and placed them in the hands of their most trusted slaves.

Though this had been done with the view to security, yet many fears were expressed as to the result upon the slaves themselves. Insubordination was of frequent occurrence, and insolence was heard from slaves such as none would have been guilty of six months since. Mr. Fairchild was called upon in his parish to perform patrol duty, and whilst thus engaged, the uneasy restlessness of the negroes became painfully apparent. The impression existed among them that some action had been taken by the general government by which they were freed from the control of their masters, who were now, with the local authorities, endeavoring to still hold them in subjection. In one case, an old and trusted servant, in the presence of Mr. Fairchild, asked a gentleman what he thought of the war. The reply was that he thought it was a glorious war; and he put the same question to the negro. He replied, in his turn, that he didn't know; that his master had put guns into their hands, but he was afraid it would take more than one man to get them away again. The gentleman told him that if he heard him speak thus again, he would hang him. In St. Mary's parish, where there was a population of 3,700 whites among 15,000 negroes, a strong feeling of alarm was beginning to be felt, and the utmost vigilance was observed to check any insurrection which might be attempted.—*Times.*

SENT BACK.—*Annapolis, May* 26.—Last week a runaway negro was brought into the garrison and arraigned before Col. Smith. It seems that the fellow had stolen seventy-five hams, and sold them to some white man for $2 50. Fearing exposure, he ran away. Col. Smith sent him under an escort of ten of Capt. Varian's troop, 8th Regiment, to his master, who lived eleven miles in the interior. The soldiers met many negroes who expressed considerable surprise that they should have returned the runaway. Such matters as these are of daily occurrence here. The runaways are kept in the guard-house until their masters can be notified, when they are returned. [Shame!]

ABOLITION IN EASTERN VIRGINIA.—The correspondent of *The Tribune* writes from Fortress Monroe, June 2d:

"The information which accumulates from day to day, concerning the region of country between James and York Rivers—Elizabeth City, York and Warwick Counties, to the distance of nearly twenty miles northwest from Hampton, confirms my previous statements of the dismay and desolation that prevail throughout that part of Virginia. Within the boundaries that I have named, slavery is substantially abolished; and though the Union has many supporters there, they, with its would-be destroyers, have been been swept into a common vortex. Ruin has lighted on everybody and everything, save the slave, who has gained his freedom. Within the last few days a requisition has been made on the owners of slaves in the three lower counties, between James and York Rivers, for one half of their able-bodied negroes to labor on the batteries which they

Miscellaneous Department.

A DAY IN JUNE.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days:
Then heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of nature which song is the best?

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away
Comes flooding back with a ripply cheer,
Into every bare inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it,
We are happy now because God wills it;
No matter how barren the past may have been,
'Tis enough for us now that the leaves are green;
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell;
We may shut our eyes, but we cannot help knowing
That skies are clear and grass is growing;
The breeze comes whispering in our ear,
That dandelions are blossoming near,
That maize has sprouted, that streams are flowing,
That the river is bluer than the sky,
That the robin is plastering his house hard by;
And if the breeze kept the good news back,
For other couriers we should not lack;
We could guess it all by your heifer's lowing—
And hark! how clear bold chanticleer,
Warmed with the new wine of the year,
Tells all in his lusty crowing!

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As for grass to be green or skies to be blue—
'Tis the natural way of living:
Who knows whither the clouds have fled?
In the unscarred heavens they leave no wake;
And the eyes forget the tears they have shed,
The heart forgets its sorrow and ache;
The soul partakes the season's youth,
And the sulphurous rifts of passion and woe
Lie deep 'neath a silence pure and smooth,
Like burnt-out craters healed with snow.

J. R. LOWELL.

A CHAPTER OF HISTORY.

Translated for THE STANDARD, from The German, French, and Foreign Review.

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

(Continued from last week.)

THE designs of the Southern oligarchy were revealed in all their distinctness after the election of General Pierce to the Presidency. The Missouri compromise prohibited slavery to the north of the 36th degree of latitude. For years this solemn compact had been observed, when a Senator, Mr. Douglas, one of the influential leaders of the Democratic party, declared in Congress that the prohibition against slavery contained in the Missouri compromise involved a principle hostile to the spirit of liberty and equality. He demanded in the name of the sovereignty of the Territories that they should be admitted into the Union with or without slavery, according to their respective Constitutions, whatever their geographical position. Mr. Douglas's bill was adopted by the two Chambers and ratified by the President. Thus were shivered the last barriers that the timid foresight of statesmen had opposed to the extension of slavery. The act was clearly unconstitutional; for the Constitution, in giving Congress direct and absolute control over the Territories, conferred the right to limit the domain of slavery to the States in existence at the formation of the republic. By abandoning this right, and leaving the serious question of slavery to the initiative of the Territories, Congress despoiled itself of its most important prerogative. In allowing the principle of absolute and unlimited State and Territorial sovereignty to be introduced into constitutional law, a work of dissolution was begun, of which the powerful effects could not be slow in manifesting themselves.

Senator Douglas's bill was presented on the question of organizing the vast Territory of Nebraska and Kansas, of which the cession had been obtained by the United States of the Indians. To prevent the fatal effects of this act, which passed the 4th March, 1854, the emigrants of the West and North hastened to occupy the beautiful and fertile valleys of Kansas. But the South had determined to introduce its peculiar institution, in spite of the efforts of free labor. At the elections for the first Legislature of Kansas, which was to frame the Constitution of the new Territory, bands of armed ruffians from Missouri presented themselves at the polls, under the orders of one Atchison, an ex-President of the Senate of the United States. That filibuster invaded Kansas with the following language: "To those who have conscientious scruples and fear to violate the laws, it is my duty to say that the time has come for despising such fears. Our rights, our property, are in danger. I adjure you, then, to enter the electoral districts of Kansas, and vote at the point of the bowie-knife, revolver in hand."

He was only too well obeyed; but the Legislature elected by means of these summary proceedings was not acknowledged by the peaceable inhabitants of the Territory. They met again, at a place called Topeka, and there made a new and free choice. What part did the Federal government take at this juncture? It officially recognized the Legislature chosen by the Missourians armed with knives and revolvers. This Chamber, if one may give the name to such a gathering of adventurers, hastened to pass an act by which it declared that "the *discussion* of slavery was a felony, punishable by two years' hard labor in chains on the public highways." Kansas soon became the theatre of a true civil war. The President sustained with all his might the partisans of slavery. The Federal forces took an attitude of hostility to the colonists, and allowed volunteers from the neighboring slave States to enter the Territory, to burn the newly-built houses, to pillage and destroy the first crops, and abandon themselves to the most abominable excesses.

The furious passions that swept the plains of Kansas soon stained with blood the sanctuary of the national representation. The Boston Senator, CHARLES SUMNER, raised an eloquent voice in behalf of the wretched colonists of Kansas, and scathed with just indignation all who sought, by violence and in contempt of every law, to impose on them institutions which they detested. Some remarks in his speech, regarding South Carolina, irritated a young Representative of that State, Mr. Brooks. After the session, when the hall was empty, Mr. Sumner was seated at his table, occupied in finishing his correspondence, when he suddenly felt a blow on the back of his head. Of almost athletic size and strength, he made so violent an effort to rise, that he tore the desk before him from its fixture; but while in this situation, unable to disengage himself, his adversary continued to strike him with a cane without cessation, till he became insensible. This scene occurred in presence of two persons, political men whom Mr. Brooks had brought with him to prevent interference. It must have been a horrid spectacle—a Senator weltering in his blood in that high place of noble memories consecrated to the founders of the republic, which had so often rung with the holy names of liberty, law, justice, and humanity. But the outrage is made still more frightful by the character of the victim, by the gentleness of his bearing, the cultivation of his mind, and the nobility and generosity of his sentiments. Indignation was mingled with painful astonishment when it was known that Mr. Brooks was not, as might have been supposed, a miserable fanatic, brought into Congress by some chance of democracy, but that he belonged to the best society in his State, and was, by the strangest of aberrations, characterized as "chivalrous." Mr. Brooks, having sent in his resignation to his constituents, was returned to Congress by an enthusiastic and unanimous vote. He was there the object of the most ridiculous demonstrations, while Mr. Sumner was lying as at the point of death. What idea can we at a distance form of a society where such passions as these reign triumphant? Is it not clearly to be seen that arbitrary power, absolute and uncontrolled, completely corrupts the souls of its possessors, and carries them back to barbarism, through all the apparatus of sham civilization?

During the war in Kansas it was that John Brown was first heard of—he whose tragic fate makes the most dramatic episode in the long strife between the partisans and the enemies of slavery. Descended from the Puritans of Plymouth Rock, John Brown exhibited their resolute character, their austere manners, their Biblical language. Long a farmer in Pennsylvania, he was one of the first to establish himself in Kansas, with his numerous family. The fate of the enslaved race in the United States had long weighed heavily on his pious soul. When the civil war burst out, he fought in the ranks of those of them that dared to resist the Missourians, sustained as they were by the United States troops. Here he lost a son in battle, and was badly wounded himself. Hence he conceived the project of an expedition into Virginia, to make an appeal to the blacks, and to lead them with him into the Alleghanies, to facilitate their escape. His intention was, not to provoke an insurrection, a massacre of the planters, but to effect a sort of exodus of the oppressed people to the free soil of Canada. The arms he furnished were not for attack, but for defence on their retreat. He seized the arsenal of Harper's Ferry, with a troop of twenty-five men, and held in respect the whole neighboring population for thirty-six hours, without committing a single act of violence. When attacked by Federal troops hastily sent thither, he was obliged to yield in so unequal a combat, and was imprisoned with those of his companions who were not instantly massacred. Brown, covered with wounds, dragged before a Virginia tribunal, and accused of murder and felony, was condemned to death. Stretched on a mattress in the court, he asked permission to speak a few words, and his simple eloquence moved even the bloodthirsty crowd that thronged around the condemned.

"I have, may it please the Court, a few words to say.

"In the first place, I deny everything but what I have all along admitted—the design on my part to free the slaves. I intended certainly to have made a clear thing of that matter, as I did last winter, when I went into Missouri, and there took slaves without the snapping of a gun on either side, moved them through the country, and finally left them in Canada. I designed to have done the same thing again, on a larger scale. That was all I intended. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection.

"I have another objection: and that is, it is unjust that I should suffer such a penalty. Had I interfered in the manner which I admit, and which I admit has been fairly proved—(for I admire the truthfulness and candor of the greater portion of the witnesses who have testified in this case)—had I so interfered in behalf of the rich, the powerful, the intelligent, the so-called great, or in behalf of any of their friends, either father, mother, brother, sister, wife, or children, or any of that class, and suffered and sacrificed what I have in this interference, it would have been all right, and every man in this Court would have deemed it an act worthy of reward rather than punishment.

"This Court acknowledges, as I suppose, the validity of the Law of God. I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or, at least, the New Testament. That teaches me that all things 'whatsoever I would that men should do unto me, I should do even so to them.' It teaches me, further, to 'remember them that are in bonds as bound with them.' I endeavored to act up to that instruction. I say, I am yet too young to understand that God is any respecter of persons. I believe that to have interfered as I have done, as I have always freely admitted I have done, in behalf of His despised poor, was not wrong, but right. Now, if it is deemed necessary that I should forfeit my life for the furtherance of the ends of justice, and mingle my blood further with the blood of my children, and with the blood of millions in this slave country whose rights are disregarded by wicked, cruel, and unjust enactments, I submit: so let it be done!"

For a moment it was hoped that Brown's punishment would be commuted; but the South insisted on its victim, and on the 16th December, 1859, in the midst of an immense concourse of militia from all parts to guard the town, Brown was executed. That day, in all the New England villages, the bells were tolled and meetings were held in honor of the old Puritan, whose death was regarded as a public calamity, and as the sinister augury of the most serious events.

The ill-concerted enterprise of the old farmer of Kansas was entirely a spontaneous and individual act. A man of action, he had but a disdainful sympathy for the other opposers of slavery. He deemed them too timid. Like the soldiers of Cromwell, he believed in the sanctity of the sword, and was ready to pass his own through the Constitution to defend what was to him the cause of God. There is so great a moral power in true heroism, that Wise, the Governor of Virginia, the very man who sent Brown to the gibbet, said of him, "He is a man of a cool head, full of courage and resignation, simple and ingenuous. He is calm and indomitable, and I am bound in justice to say that he has been humane towards his prisoners, and that he has inspired me with great confidence in his integrity and veracity." If his enemies speak of him thus, is it surprising that Emerson, the philosopher of Boston, the most keen and delicate spirit of New England, should, in the exaltedness of his sorrow, have said, in a public meeting, "If John Brown dies on the gallows, it will thenceforth become sacred, as the cross"?

The attempt of John Brown cast a sombre gleam over a situation full of peril and apprehension. His death was for the South one of those victories which are as dangerous as defeats. A new Presidential election would soon invoke the passions fermenting on every side. To comprehend the result, let us rapidly glance at the political parties in America from the time of the final triumph of democracy. For a long time the Democratic party found opposed to it only the powerless remains of the old Federalists. The latter, under the name of Whigs (a word bearing a signification in America opposite to the one it had received in England), formed a party essentially conservative, in opposition to the ambitious, invading, uneasy Democrats. Protectionists attached to peace, partisans of the English alliance, the Whigs were, on the question of slavery, the facile accomplices of the Democrats. In proportion, therefore, as this question grew in importance and effaced all others, their political significance diminished; and while they simply wished to retain, without strengthening, the institution of slavery, they became, in fact, the instruments of Southern policy. In the midst of this sort of universal consent, this silence of pecuniary interests, bound up at the North as in the South with the preservation and extension of slavery, suddenly was heard a solemn protestation, like a cry of warning. It was in 1832 that a little society was founded—at first unknown and despised, but speedily to become a power in the Union—the Anti-Slavery Society, whose members are known by the name of Abolitionists. Its founder was WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON. A journeyman printer, without fortune, name, or patronage, he unhesitatingly began a direct attack on an institution with which the destinies of the Union were more and more closely bound up, and which had received the open or tacit support of all classes of society, the political men, the magistracy, the Universities, and the whole clergy. He took, from the beginning, the watchword of "Immediate Emancipation." Convinced that slavery is a great sin against society, which can only be met by great social sacrifice, he preached emancipation, pure and simple, without compensation and without condition. He proved the inanity of the efforts that were making in the name of gradual emancipation by the African Colonization Society; projects which meant nothing, and with which public opinion had been fed merely to flatter it, and make it forget the disease by talking of the remedy, however delusive it might prove.

The disease was, however, so serious that one must have been wilfully blind not to see it. There are actually in the United States four millions of men, subjected to a frightful code of tyranny, deprived of the family tie, of religion, of education. And this number is increasing at the rate, as it is estimated, of 150,000 annually. The more the blacks are physically and morally imbruted, the more terrible will be their uprising. The slaves, moreover, by the constant and illegitimate crossing of the two races, and by the mere effect of contact with civilization, become more intelligent from generation to generation, and consequently more dangerous to their masters. They gradually shake off their torpor, and divest themselves of that childlike and often graceful simplicity still to be found among the African tribes. These changes take place even more rapidly than that of the skin; and the color of the blacks in all the Southern cities becomes lighter and lighter, and the mulatto element now predominates over the black. Enterprises like that of John Brown will sooner or later find an echo in those populations impatient of slavery and jealous of the lot of the whites. Jefferson was all his life tormented by the fear of a slave insurrection. The thought of St. Domingo was to him, he declared, "every night like the ringing of an alarm of fire." Washington, who had had occasion during the War of Independence to admire the rash courage of the blacks, was possessed with similar fears, and, dying, left his slaves their freedom. So far from following his example, his countrymen have raised all sorts of obstacles against emancipation. In South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, no deed of emancipation is valid unless it has received the sanction of the Legislature. After having exhausted, in a sense, the definition of property to the detriment of the unfortunate black, in the interest of the servile institution, the South arrives in this way at the open violation of the fundamental attribute of ownership—the free disposal of the property itself.

Jefferson's plan for saving the country from the dangers of insurrection was the gradual emigration of the colored race to colonies where they might be free. It was only in 1827 that a plan began to be put in execution. A society was formed, called the African Colonization Society, whose object it was to transport to Liberia the free men of color and the emancipated slaves. The insufficiency of such a remedy was speedily recognized. To buy slaves would, according to the rigorous laws of political economy, only be to increase the price of those remaining in slavery, and consequently to encourage the planters, especially those who devote themselves to the production of these human cattle for the consumption of the cotton States. But the operations of the society were so insignificant that at the end of sixteen years it had only transported to Africa the increase of a single fortnight.

Intoxicated by its wonderful prosperity, the North became accustomed to all the conditions to which that prosperity was thought to be owing. Its injustice towards the black race was perhaps more cruel than that of the South, for it was not prompted by interests so immediate. To ease their own consciences, the inhabitants of the free States were glad of every possible sophism that could be invented in behalf of the servile institution. There have been, in every time and country, men who seem born for evil, and who are ready to accept the most odious parts. There have been found, and it must be acknowledged there are still to be found, in the Northern Universities, *savans* who have labored to demonstrate the radical inferiority of the black race, and its inaptitude for civilization; economists, unfaithful to the principle of free labor; ministers of the gospel who, sacrificing the spirit of the New Testament to the letter of the Old, have dared to present servitude as an institution of divine origin; who, wishing to ornament a Church prayer-book with Scheffer's beautiful engraving of Christ the Consoler, have effaced the pleading slave, loaded with chains; who forbid all discussion of slavery, while they reason freely on all the doctrines of the Christian faith.

The Abolitionists have broken up this immoral quiet. They have denounced the priest at the altar, the Supreme judge upon the bench, the statesman in legislative halls, the professor in his college. They have held up to American society the mirror of truth in which it had refused to see itself, and snatched away the veil with which the god Mammon disguised himself to his innumerable worshippers. No one found favor with them, from the moment of becoming an accomplice of Southern despotism. They spared the truth neither to Daniel Webster, who, a traitor to the cause of the North, died of disappointment on failing to reap the fruit of his treason; nor to Edward Everett, formerly ambassador to the Court of St. James, and Corresponding Member of the Institute of France—a great orator, of distinguished parts, but docile to the South, and ready to hide all its iniquity with the great words of "Union" and "Constitution," and with the popular names of the noble founders of the republic. They saw that, in face of so many hostile and allied interests, they had but one means of wrestling with advantage—to undertake, namely, to spread their idea of abolishing slavery in the name of all the high principles of justice and human liberty, to create moral agitations to awaken men's consciences and regenerate their souls.

Nothing more clearly proved the necessity of this moral revolution to which they devoted themselves as to a new apostleship, than the persecutions their cause had to sustain. With that perspicacity of which the South has always given proof, she instantly recognized that the Abolitionists were the true, the most dangerous enemies of her policy. At a period when the name of Garrison was hardly known in the North, the Legislature of Georgia set a price on his head. A known Abolitionist, for twenty years past, could venture into the slave States only at the risk of his life; and even in the North, what indignities, what insults, what persecutions have they not had to endure! Nothing could discourage them; neither contempt, nor injury, nor ruin, nor universal hostility. This history of what has been sometimes called the age of anti-slavery martyrdom, is not enough known in Europe. It teaches that the final consequence of the system of slavery is the loss of all liberty and security to the whites themselves. Freedom of assemblage, personal liberty, liberty of the press—all rights, in fine, are violated, from the moment they are openly exercised in favor of a cause hostile to the all-powerful interest of the planters.

(To be concluded next week.)

THE ROYAL GUEST.

THEY tell me I am shrewd with other men,
With thee I'm slow and difficult of speech;
With others I may guide the car of talk,
Thou wingst it oft to realms beyond my reach.

If other guests should come, I'd deck my hair
And choose my newest garment from the shelf;
When thou art bidden, I would clothe my heart
With holiest purpose, as for God himself.

For them I wile the hours with tale or song,
Or web of fancy, fringed with careless rhyme;
But how to find a fitting lay for thee,
Who hast the harmonies of every time?

Oh, friend beloved! I sit apart and dumb,
Sometimes in sorrow, oft in joy divine;
My lip will falter, but my prisoned heart
Springs forth to measure its faint pulse with thine.

Thou art to me most like a royal guest,
Whose travels bring him to some lowly roof,
Where simple rustics spread their festal fare,
And, blushing, own it is not good enough.

Bethink thee, then, whene'er thou com'st to me
From high emprise and noble toil to rest,
My thoughts are weak and trivial matched with thine;
But the poor mansion offers thee its best.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

ELIZABETH JANE LEATHERWOOD.

THIS young lady, on the 4th day of May, A.D. 1861, at Piney Grove, Alabama, "on the occasion of a public gathering," read a patriotic poem, which is published in *The Athens Banner*. This production began in this spirited way: "Ladies, give me your attention. Hear me speak my mind, About the sad condition, Of our glorious native land. In this impending crisis, We should do whate'er we can, If only to encourage The brave and gallant men." This is really a beautiful beginning. The whole subject is succinctly stated, just as Virgil announces in his first line that he means to sing "arms and the man"; just as Homer begins with "Achilles's wrath," and Milton with "Man's disobedience." As a woman, the fair Leatherwood will "speak her mind." As a woman, God bless her! she will speak it "to encourage the men." "With fainting heart," so the lovely Leatherwood truly observes, "we never can keep our freedom. Then let us do our part"; and then what follows? Why, "then the monster Lincoln Never can subdue, And cause us to give up, What to us is due." Certainly not. By no manner of means. Exactly so. Then come the Scriptural exercises. In a few short verses Elizabeth Jane states with immense terseness the entire argument of Fuller, Adams & Co.:

"We read it in the Bible,
The holy book of God
That at Christ's arrival
There were servants and their Lord.

"We can nowhere read there
That Christ forbade a man
Those servants to inherit,
Or free them in the land.

"But all of us can read there
That he did this declare,
Your children shall inherit
These servants they shall heir."

Miss Leatherwood, however, does not permit the divine afflatus to surprise her into any incautious language. Having occasion to use the word "freeman"—which in so revolutionary a copy of verses could hardly be avoided—our she Alcæus justly explains: "We do not mean the colored, When we say the freeborn man, But those whom God created, To rule this Southern land." Very well put! A proper distinction! Many Southern poets in breeches, when *they* talk of "freemen," forget to make the nice but necessary distinction between "niggers" and "Nature's noblemen." But you cannot catch our Leatherwood! Elizabeth Jane's a sagacious creature! And quite a stateswoman, to be sure! She explicitly declares: "It is our fixed intention, To keep Free Soilers home, Nor let their vain pretention, Deprive us of freedom's boon." Then comes the duty of the Southern woman. She must sell her jewels—at least "spout them"—and invest the proceeds in the purchase of uniforms, guns, swords, corn-cakes, plug-tobacco, and whiskey for "our noble brothers." On goes the lyric! *Crescit eundo*—Leatherwood does. The tripod near the conclusion of this Sybilline song becomes very hot indeed: "Ho! all ye dear young ladies, Of Middle Tennessee, Encourage your dear brothers, To fight for Liberty." "Ho" must not here be mistaken for "Hoe!"—though considering the impending scarcity of corn we think that would have been the better word. Thus ends the war song of Miss Elizabeth Jane Leatherwood. The notes of her lyre ceased in Piney Grove and Mr. Rip. Davis followed her in a prose speech which must have suffered by force of comparison. Chivalry went upon duty with a musket upon its shoulder and a slice of cold bacon in its pocket; Miss Leatherwood passed like a setting star to her bower and virgin four-poster, or with the other "dear young ladies of Middle Tennessee" proceeded to "ho."

We would respectfully suggest to H. E. Jefferson Davis that after he has finished "effectuating a loan," he should proceed to curb, restrain, mitigate, and even silence the Bards of the Confederacy. We do not mean our dear Leatherwood, who is the best of the class, but the others, whose poetry is principally a cross between Lucy Long and Doctor Watts. "Good whiskey," said a Western Judge in charging a jury, "is favorable, as the Court knows from personal experience, to health and longevity; but for such a miserable article as this, the plaintiff cannot recover." Good poetry, say we, is favorable to revolutions and even rebellions; but these Southern songs, at least such of them as have greeted our admiring eye, can only make the Confederacy ludicrous. Where's Simms? Why slumbers his lofty lyre? Where's Paul Hayne, who used to come all the way to wicked Boston for a publisher? Where's—but, really, we cannot think of anybody else.

Lord Macaulay went to the ballad treasures of England with great success for the illustration of manners and of popular feeling. What a figure the Confederacy will cut when future historians unearth the Leatherwood ballads! Men will say: These verses are vainglorious, vulgar, illiterate, coarse, revengeful, worthy of second-class, unworthy of first-class savages. This will not be the verdict of any man, but of criticism itself, from the judgment of which there can be no appeal. And for criticism there will be ample material. We have in our possession a tolerable range of collection of these Southern "poems," carefully culled and unmistakably identified; and when it passes from our hands it shall go where it will be preserved, and where, one hundred years hence, it will be read by antiquarians, historians and philosophers. The little Leatherwood goes into the sheaf to-day. Others will follow. Whether we conquer or are conquered, we mean that posterity shall know, at least, who wrote the best poetry. The Bancroft of the twentieth century shall smile upon Leatherwood through his spectacles, and the Clarendon of this rebellion shall grin at the slaveholding bards. Nothing but the capture, *vi et armis*, of our escritoire can prevent this. Wherefore, Jefferson, we advise you to officially snub your strident strummers!—*Tribune.*

MORAL FORCE AND ITS AGENTS.

Extract of a Sermon by Rev. O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

MORAL force may be conveyed in three modes. 1. In the silent, subtle, contagious influence of its own character. 2. In the louder, noisier, more palpable, but still incorporeal manner of the speech and the pen. 3. In the rude, coarse, violent demonstration of sword and cannon. Of these expressions of power the first is unquestionably and incalculably the highest. It is the one that Jesus employed, and the only one he needed to employ. Moral force, when it works most naturally, freely, vitally; when it works with best purpose, and to best effect; when it works with least friction, and to bring the noblest results to pass, works by the silent, subtle, contagious influences of its own essential character; by the simple force of being and appearing what it is. And when it is accumulated in sufficient quantity, it needs no other expression than this. We read that when the Roman guard strode up to Christ in Gethsemane to seize him, he arrested and sent them reeling backward by a look. We read that Paul, by the majesty of his presence and the power of his word, so overawed and smote the miserable Ananias and Sapphira that they fell at his feet dead. Robert Barclay, the Quaker, when assaulted by a highwayman on a common, discharged on his assailant such a storm of influence from his battery of moral courage and faith and love that the ruffian was confounded, dropped his pistol, and had only strength to turn and flee. Nay, to come to lower illustrations, it is authentic history that the Czar Nicholas, of Russia, on occasion of a violent popular revolt, stepped out amid the infuriated populace unarmed, and by the magnetism of his splendid presence operating on the superstitious awe which attached to his person and rank, bowed the multitude at his feet. This is what I mean by the natural, spontaneous, electrifying operation of moral force, prevailing simply by demonstration of its own being. Did the power exist in sufficient quantities it would never need other demonstration. If the people of our Northern communities, or of one only of our Northern States—if the people of New York, or even of so small a State as Massachusetts (I speak, of course, territorially, and not morally, when I call Massachusetts small, for she has proved herself a Titan in that greatness which constitutes nobleness in a State), I say if only one of these had attained that status of Christian manhood that it could feel toward enormous and palpable and self-evident evil as Jesus would feel toward it were he alive, and an American, to-day—if some two or three millions of men and women among us were charged full of this moral power which our religion develops, heart, conscience, soul, filled with it to overflowing—will moved and swayed and fired by it—we should not be plunged in the gulf of civil war to-day. That leaven of goodness would leaven the whole lump of the nation. The continent would feel the virtue. The ten righteous would save the city. The atmosphere always tends to equilibrium. So does goodness, the atmosphere of the moral world. It would be absolutely impossible for slavery, with all its attendant barbarism, to flourish in one part of a country—for duelling to be held in honorable esteem—for men and women to be whipped to death and burned at the stake, when in another portion of the country the Christian spirit beat high, and the Christian life ran strong and pure in the hearts and veins of a million or two of men. As easily might an empty cloud come in contact with one charged with electricity without drawing into itself its fiery current. Though this multitude of Christians never lifted a finger and never spoke a word, they would create an atmosphere in which such enormities could not live; an atmosphere in which brutality, and pain, and lust, and inhuman passion would pale, and gasp, and wither, and die away. But the power of the Christian life is not accumulated in anything like this measure. It is scattered and feeble. An individual here and there is charged with it; a little knot of individuals perhaps. Were all the genuine, unadulterated moral conviction of the State of New York gathered up in a single jar, its discharge might be powerful enough to paralyze a score or two of rank Secessionists, as by a lightning stroke. But now! Oh! no. We have not begun yet to generate force enough to cast out of our social system this legion of demons which has so often flung us into the fire and into the water to destroy us. The spiritual weapons are much too fine for us to use. To make the battle successful, we must bring it down on a lower plain, and try to wage it with arms of less etherial temper. Are we equal to this? We ought to be by this time. Had we the conviction, the feeling, the will that might have been expected from eighteen centuries of Christian teaching, we should have fought this fight most triumphantly with the pen. We might have stormed our enemies with statistics, and overwhelmed them with arguments. The preachers, from their well-directed and furnished batteries, the pulpits, might have compelled them to evacuate the sacred citadel of the Bible. The moralists, planting themselves upon the impregnable rock of human nature, and occupying the serene heights of immutable justice, might have driven them out of the whole domain of equity and law. The economist, armed with the statistics of national wealth, and wielding the crushing laws of trade and prosperity, might have left them no ground of thrift or expediency to stand on. The politician, bringing to bear on them the terrible facts of history, might have crushed them beneath the appalling apprehension of a doom like that which was visited on the ancient slaveholding nations of Europe and Asia. The press might have opened fire along its whole line, and poured on them a fiery storm of books, pamphlets, sermons, tracts, newspapers, which no human reason could have resisted, which must have swept all errors, delusions, superstitions, prejudices even, from the Southern mind, as swiftly as Napoleon's cannon cleared the mob from the public square of Paris. Why did we not do this? Why did we not carry on this campaign of paper, and wage this war of words, which would have cost no man his life or fortune, and would have involved the shedding of nothing more precious than the contents of the ink bottle? We had ammunition enough. We were skilled in the use of the quill sword, and spear. Yes, but we had not the heart for it; we had not the justice or the humanity for it; we did not feel moved to it by any strong conviction of truth or duty. We declined the battle on the intellectual ground. Now and then a well-aimed shot was fired into the hostile camp. Two or three weekly papers carried on steady operations against the enemy, but their circulation was too limited and their resources too meagre for the mighty work in hand. They were neither seconded, supported, nor encouraged. The heart of the people was not with them; more effort was made to extinguish than to aid them. One other mode of waging this war which Christ inaugurated remained, and only one, the coarsest and lowest mode of all. We were not equal to the spiritual warfare on the plane of character; we were not equal to the intellectual warfare on the plane of civilization. Nothing was left but the brute warfare, the warfare of the sword. Our moral power was not great enough to *convert* our antagonists; it was not great enough to *convince* our antagonists; we can only try if it is great enough to *kill* them. We cannot conquer them with love; we cannot conquer them with light. Can we blast them with lightning? It is a sad alternative. It is a dismal confession to make in this nineteenth century after Christ, that a Christian people has got no further along in the Gospel than this; that it must settle its disputes by an appeal to brute force. That a Christian State should not have been able, by the natural force of its Constitution, to throw out of its system such a malignant disease as negro slavery is melancholy enough. That a civilized people could not bring their dispute to the bar of reason, to be decided there by argument and knowledge, is even more melancholy. But there stands the undisputed and indisputable fact. . . . We have been slow to enter on this quarrel—too slow if only we could have conducted it in nobler fashion; but being in it, God grant we may bear ourselves so that the foe shall something more than fear—shall respect us. We fight the cause of law and order, and humanity and peace. Let the spirit of law and order and humanity and peace go with us to the end. And when the violence is over, we shall see the harvests wave more beautifully on the battle-field. Law will sit more securely on its throne, and order will take the place of anarchy, and humanity will happily recover her rights, and peace will be established again; not the mock peace which we have had so long, but the peace of united minds, and cordial hearts and fraternal intercourse—the peace of God which passeth understanding.

The war will be demoralizing only as it is superficial. The knife that cuts to the *roots* of the disease leaves the fewest harmful effects behind it. The North and the South have but one enemy at the bottom, and our victory, if a noble one, will be their victory too. Let us only do the work thoroughly; let our swords be ploughshares, subsoiling the whole surface of the slave country; let our spears be pruning-knives, lopping every dead branch from the vine of our liberty; and they who are now arrayed against us as foes will one day call us friends, and instead of cherishing bitterness will bless us for slaying the dragon that was devouring their own vitals—for bringing their land under nobler cultivation—for taking the dread from their farms and villages—for sowing their States with education and literature, and the benefits of enlightened society—for giving them peace in their own borders, and restoring them to a condition of friendly intercourse with the civilized and Christian world.

CARLYLE AS A PROPHET.

THE readers of periodical literature have not forgotten the sensation produced a few years ago by the publication of Thomas Carlyle's essay on "The Present Time," and the criticisms which it evoked both in this country and in England. Its piquant satire was then so unwelcome to our national pride, that its author was well-nigh read out of our books, as an impertinent, if not malignant, gossip. Now, however, we can read these same sentences and find in them a prophecy of *this* "present time":

"Cease to brag to me of America and its model institutions and Constitutions. To men in their sleep there is nothing granted in this world; nothing, or as good as nothing, to men that sit idly *caucusing* and ballot-boxing on the graves of their heroic ancestors, saying, 'It is well, it is well!' Corn and bacon are granted; not a very sublime boon, on such conditions; a boon moreover which, on such conditions, cannot last! No; America, too, will have to strain its energies, in quite other fashion than this; to crack its sinews, and all but break its heart, as the rest of us have had to do, in thousandfold wrestle with the Pythons and mud-demons, before it can become a habitation for the gods. America's battle is yet to fight; and we, sorrowful, though nothing doubting, will wish her strength for it. New spiritual Pythons, plenty of them; enormous Megatherions, as ugly as were ever born of mud, loom huge and hideous out of the twilight future on America; and she will have her own agony, and her own victory, but on other terms than she is yet quite aware of. Hitherto, she but ploughs and hammers in a very successful manner; hitherto, in spite of her 'roast goose, with apple sauce,' she is not much. 'Roast goose, with apple sauce, for the poorest working-man.' Well, surely that is something—thanks to your respect for the street constable, and to your continents of fertile waste lands; but that, even if it could continue, is by no means enough; that is not even an instalment toward what will be required of you. My friend, brag not yet of our American cousins! Their quantity of cotton, dollars, industry, and resources, I believe to be almost unspeakable; but I can by no means worship the like of these. What great human soul, what great thought, what great noble thing that one could worship or loyally admire, has yet been produced there? None; the American cousins have yet done none of these things. 'What have they done?' growls Smelfungus, tired of the subject. 'They have doubled their population every twenty years. They have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, eighteen millions of the greatest *bores* ever seen in this world before: that, hitherto, is their feat in history!' And so we leave them for the present; and cannot predict the success of Democracy on this side of the Atlantic from their example."

Aside from peevishness of feeling, and mythological excrescences of style, how much these stirring and honest words contain that we ought to ponder for our profit! If humiliation is good for the individual, it is none the less good for the nation when inflated with pride. We have been puffed up with pride of numbers, of territory, of material resources. Patriotism, heroism, self-sacrifice for freedom and the right, had become a dead tradition. God is now summoning us to these noble qualities of a nation's life. May we accept the baptism, though it be of fire and blood, and come forth clothed with virtue and with spiritual power.—*Independent.*

WHO WROTE THE "MARSEILLAISE"?

THE question as to who is the real composer of the "Marseillaise" is again raised. A correspondent of the *Gartenlaube*, a Leipsic paper, asserts it to be composed by a German, Holtzmann of Meersburg, Hof-Capellmeister of the Count Palatine. The organist, Herr Hamma, at Meersburg, is said to have discovered Holtzmann's manuscript, which leads to the curious result that the song, afterwards known as the "Marseillaise," was originally sacred music, and copied by Rouget de Lisle from Holtzmann's Credo in his "Missa Solemnis," No. 4, and adapted to his words. It was always wondered how a *dilettante* in music, like the engineer-officer Rouget, could have produced in a couple of hours in one night, such a splendid poem of many stanzas in the most perfect poetical form, and at the same time the beautiful air, without which the song, although fiery and enthusiastic, would hardly have acquired its historical fame. It was, therefore, always supposed that Rouget made use of the musical reminiscences for his words. But whence the reminiscences of such a fine air, was a question which puzzled many a critic. During the last two or three years it has particularly occupied the French musical *savants*, especially MM. Kastner and Castil-Blaze. Prof. Bischoff, of Cologne, in reference to this new discovery, publishes a short historico-critical treatise on the subject, in the *Kölner Zeitung*, from which we gather a few more interesting facts. So long ago as the year 1793–8 a rumor was current that the tune of the French National Hymn was a German air; it went so far as to ascribe poem and melody to George Forster. This rumor was hushed for a long time, till it rose again in 1830, when the "Parisienne" was sung to an air notoriously German, a German national song, well known to the English-German Legion and the Hanoverian troops in 1814–15.

At that time a note was found in Bouchey and Roux's "Histoire Parlementaire de la Révolution" (xvii., p. 204), to the effect that the "Marseillaise" had originally been composed by a German for Biron's army. In contradiction to this, Rouget de Lisle says himself in a collection of French songs: "I made the air and the words of the song at Strasburg in the night following the declaration of war, end of April, 1792." It is related that the daughter of the Maire Dietrich played it on the piano on the following morning. M. Kastner, in his attempt to vindicate the composition for Rouget, repeats the words of the sculptor David, of Angers, who told him, "Rouget made the stanzas of the song in the night, and accompanied himself with the violin." But this would speak more against than for him, as he could not have composed words and music at the same time. M. Castil-Blaze, in the "France-Musicale" of 1852, gives very different explanations. He states that on the private theatre of Madame de Montesson, who was secretly married to the Duke of Orleans, in 1782, a *German song*, with chorus and burden, was performed for the first time, which those who had been among the auditory recognized ten years afterwards as the melody to the world-inspiring song of Rouget's. German music in Paris at that time came into vogue through Gluck and his success. A. M. Julien, Sr., violinist at the Italian Opera House, had produced that song in Madame Montesson's concert; it was received with enthusiasm by the highly aristocratic company, against which it turned such a sharp weapon afterwards. M. Deslauriers, publisher of Gluck's operas, and M. Imbault, who directed the orchestra, were both present on that evening, and confided their secret to Castil-Blaze in the eighth year of the Republic, although Imbault, who became music vender, in contradiction to his own opinion, from speculation and regard to the public voice, had printed the "Marseillaise" himself, in 1792, with Rouget's name as the composer.

Both assured M. Castil-Blase, that the melody originally, with its first words, had a mild religious character. With Rouget's words, the song became first a chant de l'Armée du Rhin, which the regiments at Strasburg and in Alsatia sang and played as a March. From there the song travelled to the South of France; and from thence, with the Marseilles battalions, to Paris, where it was ascribed to the above-mentioned M. Julien, and others, as Gossec, Pleyel, and particularly Méhul, who had set it more completely. M. Castil-Blaze quotes several examples which entirely change the character of the tune: he comes very near the truth and the latest news from Meersburg, when he says: "If you hear in our churches the song 'Sainte Cité, demeure permanente,' and when the singers intonate the finale, 'O ma patrie, O mon bonheur,' do you see everybody excited and rush to arms? By no means; you have heard the sent